

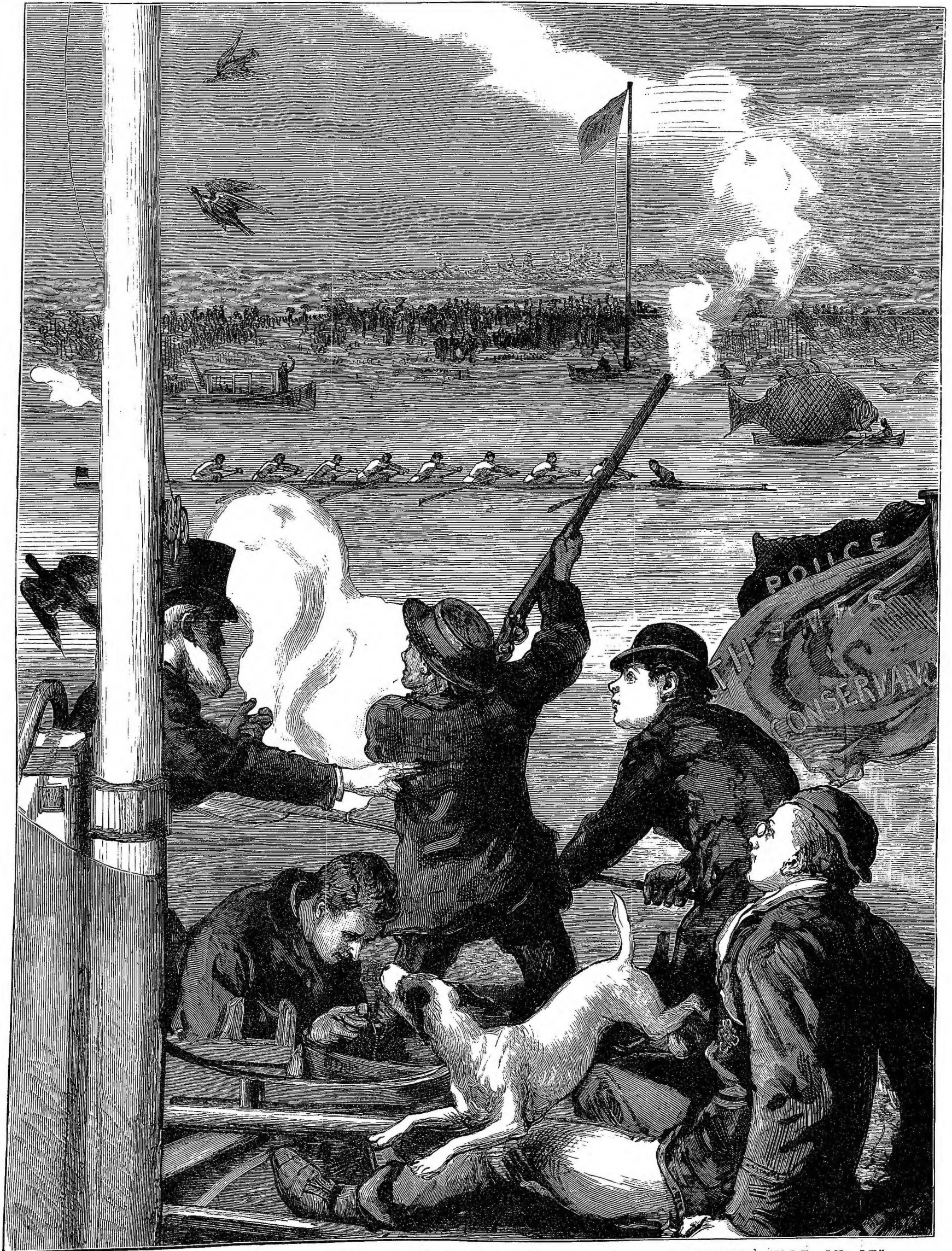
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE—THE FINISH: CAMBRIDGE "NOT IN IT"

Topics of the Week

TERRORISM IN IRELAND.—The lengthening days bring no respite to the victims of Irish tyranny. Contrariwise, serious agrarian crime has increased, and two terrible murders have been perpetrated within the last few days. Certain Irish orators are fond of comparing English with Irish crime, to the advantage of the latter. They always conveniently forget the fact that the Irish race both in Great Britain, in the British Colonies, and in the United States, are far more criminally inclined (especially as regards offences involving violence) than the rest of the population. But these orators also ignore the fact (which is still more important) that the crimes for which Ireland at present bears such an evil reputation are altogether different in kind from those which unhappily are so common in this country. They are committed for the express purpose of producing terror, and they are very widely connived at. Human nature is both cowardly and inconsistent. There are thousands of persons in Ireland who would not have the courage to shoot a man, and who would shrink from having his blood on their consciences, and who yet take care to be conveniently blind, and deaf, and lame when there are assassins lurking about their neighbourhood. Such being the facts, it is misleading to say, as Lord Northbrook said a few days ago, that the Terrorist faction is small. He was right in saying that they were dangerous and desperate, but, if we reckon all their aiders and abettors, their numbers are not small. The best proof of this is that these crimes are rarely discovered, and still more rarely punished. Now two methods of cure are proposed for this terrible malady. Some of the Radicals, who still cling to Mr. Bright's axiom that "force is no remedy," advise the letting loose of the "suspects," the abolition of arrears of rent, and consequently the suspension of evictions, and the development of the purchase clauses of the Land Act. Persons of more old-fashioned principles reply that all these alleged remedies deserve investigation, but that the first duty of a Government is to ensure personal safety. This Mr. Gladstone's Government has entirely failed to secure hitherto, in spite of their hundreds of arbitrary arrests. The fact is that they got hold of the wrong men. The people whom they consigned to the luxurious dungeons of Kilmainham are no doubt mischievous enough, inasmuch as they would prefer an Irish Parliament to the forcible-feeble rule of Mr. Forster, but they are not the cattle mutilators, the "Moonlighters," and the assassins whom John Bull (and a good many peaceable Irishmen also) would like to catch and punish. Nor will such gentry ever meet their deserts until the power of searching for arms is greatly extended; until the commission of murders as well as other outrages inflicts a money penalty on the district in which they are committed; and until agrarian offences are made triable without the aid of a jury.

M. GAMBETTA.—The other day M. Gambetta was elected President of the Conscription Committee, but in the circumstances this seems to have been a matter of course. There is no sign that he is likely to emerge very speedily from the obscurity into which he was forced to retire after his resignation. Hardly anything in recent history is more surprising than this sudden collapse of a great reputation. When the present Chamber met, it was known that M. Gambetta had in some measure lost his hold over the French democracy, but he was believed to be still by far the most powerful man in France. His overthrow, however, was not made the occasion of a single popular demonstration of any importance, and the majority of Republicans appeared to breathe more freely when his place was taken by a man of moderate and "safe" opinions. There can be little doubt that sooner or later M. Gambetta will again stand in the front rank. His intellectual power is too remarkable not to assert itself successfully against the second-rate men who are his opponents, and his eloquence and faculty of organisation are likely to be all the more appreciated after his present reticence. But it is tolerably certain that he will have to reconcile himself to a considerable change in his modes of action. During the years in which he played his waiting game, dismissing Ministry after Ministry without assuming direct responsibility, a large number of adventurers gathered round him, and nobody knew how far their restless intrigues were to be identified with the schemes of their master. These doubtful friends steadily undermined his influence, and probably he now sees that in future it will be necessary to prevent any body of men from standing between him and the mass of his supporters in the Chamber and in the country. It may be assumed that he has also learned the expediency of avoiding even the appearance of dictatorial claims. Whether rightly or wrongly, France plainly suspected that he was not perfectly loyal to free institutions, and the prompt manner in which she gave expression to her fears will not be forgotten by M. Gambetta or any other French statesman of the present generation.

TRUCKLING TO THE AMERICANS.—If Dr. Lamson had been a Turk or an Austrian, and if the Sultan or the Emperor had requested that his execution might be delayed, Mr. Gladstone would doubtless have replied with virtuous rigour that Englishmen could not permit foreign interference with

their judicial decisions. But when the American President appears on the scene as a *Deus ex machina*, the case is altogether altered. Down go the Cabinet Ministers on their knees like a row of frightened schoolboys in the presence of a truculent schoolmaster. "Please, sir, we're very sorry, sir; and if you don't think he ought to be hanged, sir, we won't hang him, sir." The facts of the case are simply these. Lamson was convicted of one of the most barbarous murders ever recorded in the annals of crime. There was no trace of insanity about the deed, and, if there had been, his friends had plenty of time to bring forward evidence to that effect. The trial was postponed at the request of the prisoner, and America is only ten days off, yet not a word was said about insanity at the trial. It is no light matter that the solemn decisions of judges and juries should be quashed by an official whose tenure of power is entirely dependent on popular favour, and who is presumably no better acquainted with the merits of the case than any other member of the outside public. It is still more objectionable when such decisions are attempted to be set aside at the instance of a foreign potentate, and the precedent is especially dangerous just now, when Hibernian sympathisers are egging on the American Government to insist that we should at once bring to trial those of the "suspects" who are enrolled as American citizens. As for Lamson himself, if he is hanged after his fortnight's respite, he will have been tortured needlessly; if, however, the capital sentence is commuted, it is difficult to understand how any future murderer can be justly put to death. When asked to spare Dr. Dodd, George the Third very properly replied, "If I pardon Dodd, then I have murdered the Perreus" (two brothers who had been hanged for forgery some months before). And so we may say to the Home Secretary, "If you spare Lamson, can you ever dare to hang another murderer?" These remarks are, of course, subject to modification, supposing some really conclusive evidence in Lamson's favour is adduced. Still, even in that case, we cannot help asking why it was not submitted to Mr. Justice Hawkins and the jury.

ANARCHY IN RUSSIA.—A remarkable lecture was delivered the other evening in Marylebone by Prince Krapotkin, and the facts he mentioned ought to be borne in mind when an attempt is made to understand the significance of Nihilism. The chief event of the late Czar's reign was the emancipation of the serfs, and no doubt he deserves greater credit for so bold a measure than the revolutionists are willing to acknowledge. Still, his good intentions have not led to the results he probably anticipated. The task of emancipation was entrusted to persons whom Prince Krapotkin describes as "enemies of the people," and they naturally took good care to protect as far as possible what they conceived to be the interests of their own class. The peasantry were compelled to purchase bad land at exorbitant prices, and to their surprise they found that they had to pay higher taxes than at any previous period. According to Prince Krapotkin, the taxes of the peasantry are three times as great now as they ever were before, and the unfortunate people are "crowded in hovels, as many as twelve persons, besides animals, in one room." In many parts of the country famine is said to be "the normal state of things," and when it is proposed to relieve the worst cases of distress, the money set apart for this object is stolen by the Government agents. It is hardly surprising that such wrongs as these produce bitter discontent. Most people are now agreed that the French Revolution was the inevitable consequence of vile oppression, and it would be strange if similar causes were not followed by similar effects in Russia. As far as appears, the Czar and his advisers are of opinion that the evil can be dealt with only by suppression, but if they are right, the most serious thinkers must have been mistaken in their interpretation of the deepest lessons of history. Unfortunately the subject is one which may concern all Europe, for the gravest danger of the near future is that Russia may rush into war in order to divert the attention of her people from their domestic grievances.

MISSING GIRLS.—In Monday's *Daily News* there is a very full and interesting account of the mysterious disappearance from West Ham of the two little girls, Mary Seward and Eliza Carter. One disappeared just a year ago, the other last January. Nothing has since been heard of either of them. They were too young to be attracted by the allurements which sometimes induce young women to quit their homes clandestinely; they were exceptionally steady and well-conducted children; and their parents (who were totally unknown to each other) are highly respectable labouring people. There is no evidence of any desire to wreak vengeance on the parents by the abduction of the children, such as has been alleged to be the provoking cause of what is known as "the Pimlico murder;" and, therefore, presuming that the girls in question did not leave home of their own free will and of *malice prepense*, we are reduced to the painful alternative of believing that they were enticed away for nefarious purposes. The excitement caused by these disappearances has gradually spread from West Ham to the whole country. The portrait of one of the girls (in whom a benevolent lady takes an especial interest) has been widely circulated; liberal rewards, in addition to the official Government proffer, have been offered, but no clue has as yet been obtained. If crime has been committed, it is of a

kind which causes widespread anxiety, for it makes every mother uneasy as soon as her young children are out of her sight; and, therefore, both for the sake of the poor bereaved parents and of the public, it is to be hoped that these West Ham mysteries may be speedily unravelled.

ART AND THE STATE.—Mr. Collings tried hard to convince the House of Commons on Monday that in the distribution of the Art-treasures of the nation London is unduly favoured. He seemed to forget that these treasures are concentrated in London, not because it is a large city, but because they are more easily accessible there than they could be anywhere else to the people of the Empire as a whole. At the same time it is no doubt true that in regard to duplicates and reproductions of works of Art the claims of the provinces should be considered in a liberal spirit; and Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Mundella were able to show that there has been a steady advance in this direction during the last few years. It is more difficult to decide whether, as Mr. Collings proposed, "The whole of the national Art and other collections, including the National Gallery and British Museum, should be placed under the direct control and administration of a Department of the Government." The suggestion is in accordance with the general demand of so many Radicals at the present day for a vast increase of the functions of the State, but it may be doubted whether such institutions as the British Museum and the National Gallery would benefit by being handed over to a Government office, which, like all Government offices, would quickly be dominated by the traditions of red-tapeism. The French have had much experience of Art administration, and it is noteworthy that in the opinion of many of their best artists the true policy is a policy of decentralisation. The best guarantee for the proper management of our great "collections" is the existence of an intelligent popular interest in Art, and this guarantee we already possess to an extent which nobody could have anticipated twenty years ago.

DRAMATIC UNINVENTIVENESS.—A piece called *The Manager* has been withdrawn at the Court Theatre, because, though alleged to be fairly successful, the margin of profit was not sufficient to admit of the nightly percentage which the authors of the French original (*Le Mari de la D butante*) claimed under the agreement. This is in itself a mere question of private commercial arrangement, and would have no interest for the public, were it not that the said public takes a sort of gossiping interest in all matters theatrical. But there is one point in this affair which does really deserve general attention. How comes it that British managers are so helplessly dependent on French importations? Why don't they employ native talent (of which it is declared there is any quantity going a-begging) instead of paying a couple of ingenious Parisians a heavy tax every evening for helping to make their audiences laugh? The honest answer must be that, with all our alleged wealth of dramatists, very few really original plays are produced which can be called successful. There may be such plays in existence, but they have not been been fortunate enough to catch the managerial eye; yet Mr. Vincent Crummies and his brother managers have a keen eye for possible profits. Men of talent and even of genius often fail in their stage essays because of their childlike ignorance of dramatic requirements. This fault might be remedied, after the French fashion, by collaboration with a person of theatrical experience. But beyond this it must be confessed, we fear, that neither in novels nor in plays does our nation shine in the art of plot-constructing. A novel may pass muster, and even become very popular, without much of a plot; but for a play an artistically-constructed story is far more requisite, and it is in this particular that even those of our playwrights who have won the suffrages of the public are, when they trust to their own invention, exceedingly feeble and defective as compared with their French rivals.

SCIENCE IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS.—Sir John Lubbock deserves the thanks of everybody interested in education for his persistent efforts to secure justice for science in elementary schools. We venture to say that everybody who has given much attention to the question agreed with the substance of his speech on Monday. Of course nobody wants to discourage the study of English grammar. As usually taught, indeed, it is dreary and barren; but in the hands of those who know the history of their language it is capable of being made even for boys and girls a subject of considerable interest. It ought not, however, to have an advantage over science, as it has at present, and will continue to have under the New Code. An inspector quoted by Sir John Lubbock sneers at the notion of teaching children about "cortical parenchymas and chlorophyll granules, the mesenteric lymphatics, and the thoracic duct." This is very cheap humour, since, as the inspector must know, all that is asked on behalf of science is that simple lessons shall be given regarding what Sir John Lubbock calls "common and familiar objects." A good teacher would find no difficulty in imparting much sound information without using a single hard word; and it ought to be remembered that the knowledge which most readily delights and stimulates children is knowledge relating to the world around them. Even the abstract conceptions of grammar would probably be more willingly studied if the mind were occasionally relieved by a little talk about things that can be seen and handled.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA DOUBLE-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, entitled "TYPE OF BEAUTY, VIII," from the Picture by Henri Lévy, lately exhibited in the Graphic Gallery.

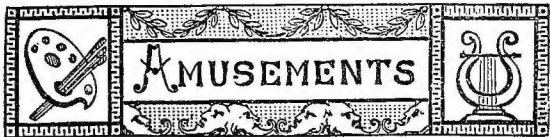
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THE GRAPHIC GALLERY,
190, STRAND,

TEN YEARS' HOLIDAYS IN SWITZERLAND.

A SERIES OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS FROM NATURE

BY

THE MANAGER OF THE GRAPHIC.



MR. IRVING is gratified to announce that the present demand for seats at the LYCEUM being without precedent during his management, to meet the wants of the public desirous of witnessing the performance of ROMEO and JULIET, seats can be booked for two months in advance. ROMEO, MR. IRVING, Juliet, Miss ELLEN TERRY, Nurse, Mrs. Stirling; Mr. Terriss, Mr. Fernandez, Mr. Howe. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open to till 5.—LYCEUM.

MASKELYNE and COOKE'S EASTER ARRANGEMENTS.—On SATURDAY the 8th, and until further notice, there will be TWO PERFORMANCES EVERY DAY. Shortly after Easter MASKELYNE and COOKE will present two distinct programmes in each week. Full particulars shortly. EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY.

CORPORATION OF LIVERPOOL.—AUTUMN EXHIBITION OF PICTURES IN OIL AND WATER COLOURS, 1882.

NOTICE TO EXHIBITORS.

The above Exhibition will OPEN in the WALKER ART GALLERY, on MONDAY, 10th September. The dates for receiving pictures are from the 1st to the 12th of August, 1882 inclusive.

Forms, cards of particulars, and all information may be obtained on application to Mr. Charles Dyllal, curator, Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, to whom all works of art, intended for exhibition, should be addressed.

London Agent, Mr. James Bourlet, 17, Nassau Street, Middlesex Hospital.

JOSEPH RAYNER, Town Clerk.

Honorary Secretary.

YORKSHIRE FINE ART SOCIETY, LEEDS.

SUMMER EXHIBITION OPENS MAY 29th, 1882.

Consisting of the works of Living Artists (for sale) and other works of Art presented to the Society.

Last day for receiving Pictures, May 11th. Artists desirous to exhibit are requested to apply to

JOHN BARBER, } Hon. Secs.
FREDK. R. SPARK, }

SOCIETY OF LADY ARTISTS, 48, Great Marlborough Street, Regent Street. EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS NOW OPEN. 10 till 5. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

FRENCH GALLERY, 120, Pall Mall.—The 29th ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PICTURES by Artists of the Continental Schools is NOW OPEN, and includes the celebrated picture by Bastien Lepage, "Le Mendiant," two important works by Professor L. C. Müller, and a collection of Studies from Nature by Carl Heffner.

ARTHUR TOOTH and SONS' SPRING EXHIBITION of English and Continental Pictures is NOW OPEN, including Bastien Lepage's New Picture, "Pas Mèche," at 5, Haymarket (opposite Her Majesty's Theatre). Admission One Shilling, including Catalogue.

THE EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of Pictures by Artists of the British and Foreign Schools is NOW OPEN at Thomas McLean's Gallery, 7, Haymarket.—Admission, including Catalogue, 1s.

DORES GREAT WORKS, "ECCE HOMO" ("Full of Divine dignity,"—The Times) and "THE ASCENSION," with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," and all his other great pictures at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. One Shilling.

EASTER ARRANGEMENTS.—LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.—ALL EXPRESS AND ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS will be extended as usual.

EXTRA TRAINS FOR ISLE OF WIGHT.—The 4.55 p.m. from Victoria and London Bridge will convey passengers for Ryde, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, Newport, and Cowes, on Saturday, April 8th (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class).

BRIGHTON.—EVERY SUNDAY, A CHEAP FIRST CLASS TRAIN from Victoria 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

VOLUNTEER REVIEW AT PORTSMOUTH.—EASTER MONDAY, April 10th, Extra Special Trains will leave Victoria 7.45 a.m. and 3.50 a.m., London Bridge, 7.55 a.m. and 8.55 a.m., for Havant and Portsmouth (1st, 2nd, and 3rd class).

SATURDAY AND SUNDAY, April 8th and 9th, Special Cheap Trains from Victoria, Kensington, and London Bridge. Return Tickets, 12s. and 7s., available for return the following Tuesday evening.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FREQUENT DIRECT TRAINS DAILY to the Crystal Palace from London Bridge, New Cross; also from Victoria, York Road, Kensington, West Brompton, and Chelsea.

BRANCH BOOKING OFFICES.—For the convenience of passengers who may desire to take their Tickets in advance, the following Branch Booking Offices, in addition to those at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations, are now open for the issue of Tickets to all Stations on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, to the Isle of Wight, Paris, and the Continent, &c.:

* The Company's General West End Booking Office, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, W., and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings (under the Grand Hotel), Trafalgar Square. Cook's Tourist Offices, Ludgate Circus. Gaze's Tourist Offices, 142, Strand. Caygill's Tourist Offices, 371, Strand (next Exeter Hall). Whiteley's, Westbourne Grove. Hay's City Agency, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings, E.C. Letts and Co., King William Street, City.

Tickets issued at these Offices will be dated to suit the convenience of passengers. * These Two Offices will remain open until 10 p.m. on April 5th, 6th, and 8th.

For full particulars of Times, Fares, &c., see Handbills and Time Books, to be had at all Stations, and at any of the above Branch Booking Offices. (By Order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager

ELECTORAL CORRUPTION AND ITS PUNISHMENT.—By the Corrupt Practices (Disfranchisement) Bill, which was read a first time on Friday last, it is proposed to disfranchise entirely the boroughs of Gloucester, Macclesfield, and Sandwich, and to suspend during the existence of the present Parliament the electoral power of Oxford, Boston, Canterbury, and Chester, whilst all persons who have been proved guilty of bribery, treating, or personation at the last General Election are to be declared for ever incapable of voting or being registered as voters for the boroughs or counties in which their offences were committed. The punishment thus meted out is perhaps as fair as can be expected under our present system of Parliamentary representation, but it can hardly be regarded as the most equitable, or even the most efficient, method of dealing with the evil. The deprivation of direct representation is only a fate which might reasonably have been expected by several of the above mentioned boroughs at the next re-distribution of seats, even had no complaint been made in regard to them, as there are plenty of larger and more populous places which as yet do not enjoy the privilege of direct representation. On the other hand there is manifest injustice in visiting the sins of a few hundred voters upon the entire local community, consisting of some thousands, of which they happen to have been members; and also in limiting the disqualification of the actual offenders to the borough and counties in which the offences were committed. The effect of this double mistake may in some instances be that many an honest and conscientious voter, whose business connections will not allow him to leave the town in which he lives, will be deprived of the franchise solely on account of the misdeeds of certain of his fellow-townsmen, whilst the delinquents themselves, not being so bound, may evade the punishment they so richly deserve by the simple expedient of shifting their residence into another part of the country, where they can again take up their position amongst the "free and independent electors." The more we reflect on the disadvantages which seem unavoidably attached to an electoral system by which places rather than persons are represented, the more convinced we become of the need of changing that system for some such scheme as that long ago recommended by Mr. Hare.



FINISH OF THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE: CAMBRIDGE "NOT IN IT"

"COME wher yer can see!"
"Come wher yer can see!"
"Now all you sons of noblemen, come into the parlour; come and see the start from the winning post."

The "parlour" was a platform of planks laid between two costermongers' waggons, which the owners had "snap" enough to thrust right behind the winning post.

Two shillings was the charge of admission—"one and sixpence"—whispered the costermonger who gave me change for half a sovereign from a pocketful of silver.

The "parlour" certainly was not a bad place to see from.

The winning post is a little distance beyond the "Ship," at Mortlake. We were right behind it. On it was stuck with an advertising energy worthy of Americans a large poster with light and dark blue letters advising all the world to read *Lloyd's News* of Sunday, April 2.

On the other side of the river, right opposite us, a corresponding post flying the dark blue flag (our post flying the light blue). The two posts gave the line to the judge. The day was most exhilarating. The air fresh, but not cold. The sunlight streamed in brilliant streaks across the river, and glittered on a thousand fluttering flags right away to Barnes Bridge.

There was nothing to spoil our pleasure except an occasional outburst of foul language from costermonger or bargee polluting the air and the ears of the ladies round about. As time wore on, the black dots of spectators began to cluster round the post on the other side. The stern of the barge *Agnes*, from Brentford, moored on our right was crowded.

The launch *Florence*, hooked on to Messrs. J. and E. Payne's barge, and a boat with an interesting freight, hooked on to the *Florence*, in a line between the two posts.

The freight was a man with a white flag (from racing experience we began to think we were really going to see the start from the winning-post); an aged waterman, who afterwards produced an aged gun; a gentleman with a grey beard, who was, we think, Mr. Fairlie, the judge; and one or two more.

A portent was seen near the further bank. A monstrous fish skimmed the surface of the water, looking as though it had risen to see the meaning of the strange excitement. *Royal Aquarium* was printed in big letters on its side, and some Jonah, just ejected from its mouth, sculled it along.

I'll defy any one not to be more or less excited with the murmur that travels along (*viresque acquirit eundo*) a crowd four miles long from start to finish when the boats are "off." We knew well when they had started. The judge, too, began to twitch his beard, the old man to finger his gun, the young one to stand up and raise the white flag. Nearer comes the roar. The crowd sways and palpitates. The bows of Oxford are level with the posts. Down goes the flag—bang goes the gun. Off go the pigeons with the news. The boating man's dog (I had forgotten him alongside the judge's boat) goes mad at the shot and the birds.

Cambridge isn't in it—neither in the race nor the sketch. It passes the post twenty seconds late, and both boats row on to the pretty little chalet amongst the pines on the other side, the home of the Grove Park Boat Club, where they land as they did last year, as was represented in our drawing of last week, before coming home on the launch.

S. P. H.

LADIES' DRESS EXHIBITION

MR. TREVES' lectures on Ladies' Dress at South Kensington attracted so much interest that a Hygienic Wearing Apparel Exhibition was opened at the Cavendish Rooms, Mortimer Street. Only ladies were admitted, and some three thousand of them passed through the rooms during the five days that the show was open. "The room," says a lady correspondent of the *Standard*, "wore the appearance of something between a bazaar and a lecture hall. It was fitted up with stalls laden with the smaller articles, such as boots and underclothing, while the 'costumes' were ranged side by side on dummies, or scattered about the hall among the living figures." There were diagrams showing the human foot, both as it ought to be, and as it ought not to be but owing to tight boots often is, and there were similar models of stayless and stay-supported waists. The chief object of attraction was Lady Harborton's "divided skirt," which is thus officially described: "It is a skirt divided between the legs so as to clothe each leg separately, the underclothing to be arranged beneath this as most convenient. Over it an ordinary dress skirt is worn. The divided skirt and the under garments may be fastened to a broad band fitted round the hips, so avoiding pressure of any sort round the waist, or hooks and buttons can be placed on a calico bodice to be attached to corresponding loops on the skirts. The top part of the dress may be any loose body or jacket the wearer may choose. In this costume the weight of clothing may be reduced at least one half." A lady clad in one of these divided skirts very courteously and patiently exhibited it to surrounding visitors. So far from its appearance being *outré*, she had worn it for some months past as a walking dress without attracting remark of any sort. She found the dress very handy in dirty weather. It can be so looped up as to form a short dress for walking, while for indoor use it may hang at full length. The vulgarity of dressmakers, whose chief object is to make women's outer garments expensive, without regarding convenience, and the tyranny of that mysterious Mumbo-Jumbo, Fashion, will doubtless exercise a baneful influence for a long time to come, still we have great hopes that many sensible women are sincerely anxious to emancipate themselves from this tyranny. The difficult problem is to combine hygiene and elegance. As *Truth* puts it: "Can women be healthy without being converted into guys? Can they be comfortable, and yet be Graces?"

"TOTTIE," A REGIMENTAL PET

THE handsome fox-terrier shown in our engraving (which is from a photograph by A. Sauvy, Patrick Street, Cork) belongs to the 57th Regiment, and besides being a great favourite is quite an old campaigner. She was born at Kandy, Ceylon, in February, 1879, and, accompanying the "Old Die-Hards" to Natal, served with them throughout the Zulu War. At the Battle of Ginghulwa she received two severe wounds, a bullet ripping her back, and an assegai penetrating her right hind leg. After the action she was reported missing, and was not again seen until eight days afterwards, when she found her way to the bivouac, about five miles from the scene of the battle, although during the interval the regiment had marched to Ekowe and back. She was again lost at the drift of the White Unvolosi, near Ulundi, but found her way to the camp of the 58th Regiment, near Entongonani, about fourteen miles off, and was kindly sent up to Ulundi by an officer of that regiment.

Lost once more at the review held before the evacuation of Ulundi, she attached herself to the 80th Regiment, and went with it to the Transvaal. Her sagacity for finding her way about an unknown country is shown by the following extract from a letter

from the Colonel of the 80th, written in September, 1879, from Wakkerstroom:—"He says:—'At Utrecht I handed Tottie over to the Artillery, who promised to take her down country for you. To our astonishment, when we were two days from Utrecht, she turned up again, and is now with the regiment.'" The 80th Regiment returned home to Dublin in May, 1880, when Tottie, none the worse for her campaign, except her scars, rejoined her own regiment, which is stationed at Cork.

COLONEL BURNABY'S BALLOON TRIP TO FRANCE

THE incidents of this hazardous expedition will be fresh in the memory of our readers. Colonel Burnaby, who has had a good deal of experience as an aeronaut, engaged Mr. Wright's balloon "Eclipse" with the object of showing that the task of crossing the Channel was practicable, although Colonel Brine and Mr. Simmons had failed to accomplish it. In order that he might have the full advantage of all the lifting power of the balloon he decided to go alone, and took with him nothing beyond a few scientific instruments and some exceedingly light refreshment. He started from Dover, and was eight hours in the air, being becalmed over the sea for about an hour, after which he cast out all his remaining ballast, and, shooting up to an altitude of 11,000 feet, very luckily there found a favourable current, which quickly carried him in a south-westerly direction over Dieppe to a place called Montigny, where he descended easily and safely, and was received with every hospitality. The utility of such aerial excursions is extremely doubtful, but their extreme danger is only too manifest, witness the more recent adventures of Herr Opitz and M. Jovis and his companions.—Our engraving of the balloon is from a photograph by Buckman, 22, Albert-road, Dover.

GENERAL MICHAEL SKOBELEFF AND HIS FATHER

GENERAL MICHAEL SKOBELEFF, whose daring courage in the various campaigns in Central Asia has made him the military hero of Modern Russia, and whose violent Pan Slavonic and anti-Teutonic speeches have recently created so much excitement throughout Europe, was born in 1845. His grandfather was a well-known Russian General, who rose from the ranks through his valour in the Caucasian Wars under Alexander I. His father, General Demetrius Skobelev, is also a distinguished officer, and at one time commanded the Emperor's Body Guard. From an early age Michael Skobelev showed military talent, entering the Regiment of the Guards at eighteen, and seeing his first service in the Polish insurrection in 1863. Returning to St. Petersburg, he did not settle down to the comparative idleness of barrack-life, and accordingly, after serving in the Caucasus, was transferred to Turkestan, taking a prominent part in the Khivan Campaign of 1873. He increased his renown by a daring reconnaissance through the Turcoman desert, and subsequently, after some hard fighting, was given the command of the second Khokand campaign, and completed the conquest of that province, being appointed its Governor at the close of the war. At the outbreak of hostilities between Russia and Turkey in 1877 he was placed on the Staff of the Grand Duke Michael, and served for a short time on the Staff of his father, who commanded an independent division of cavalry. He afterwards took part in the first siege of Plevna, which he entered for a few moments, and afterwards did good service in protecting the Russian retreat. In the second siege he led four regiments to the attack and captured two redoubts, but had to retire with a loss of 8,600 out of 12,000. In the latter part of the war General Skobelev came well to the front, commanding the advance upon Adrianople and leading the march to Constantinople. At the close of 1880 he was given the command of the expedition against the Tekkè Turcomans, the attack on whose stronghold, Geok Tepe, and its capture in the face of great superior numbers, is one of the most brilliant military exploits in the annals of the long-continued warfare which Russia has waged against the various tribes of Central Asia. Returning home with his honours thick upon him he seems to have become a warm partisan of the Pan Slavonic movement, and his recent violent speeches, first against Austria and then against Germany, are fresh in the memory of all. He has now been recalled to St. Petersburg, and it is stated has been reproved by the Czar for his over-zeal, but his popularity has been greatly enhanced by his outspokenness, and he is universally looked upon as the coming general in the next war. He is almost worshipped by his soldiers, for his bravery in the field is as remarkable as his care for those under him during a campaign. Always himself to be found in the thickest of the fight, conspicuous in his white uniform, and on his well-known charger, he never brooks the slightest hesitation on the part of his officers, and when he orders a man to ride to certain death expects him to do so without a murmur, and it is due to his Staff to say that this expectation is never disappointed.—Our engravings are from photographs by Abdullah Brothers, Constantinople.

THE SOUTH-SEA ISLANDER IN QUEENSLAND

So long as there are tropical products which white men covet, so long will there be field-slavery more or less modified in character, unless dark-skinned men, who are able to endure the solar rays, can be persuaded to work for wages. The mistake made by the early opponents of slavery was that, while striving to demolish both slavery and the slave trade, they provided no substitute for the detested institution. In spite of their efforts, the slave-trade still went on, and the risk of capture by cruisers increased the horrors of "the Middle Passage," because the negroes, instead of being carried in roomy vessels, had to be packed as close as herrings.

Ugly stories have been heard from time to time of what is called "blackbirding" in the South Seas, and there is good reason to believe that the deaths of Commodore Goodenough and Bishop Patteson were blind acts of vengeance resulting from the previous raids of white kidnappers. It is to be hoped, however, that the vigilance of H. M.'s cruisers has put a stop to these nefarious practices, added to which the colonists of Queensland maintain that the Kanakas (the generic term for the inhabitants of these Pacific islands), finding that they are well-treated, come as freely to "trash" cane or pick cotton as the Irish labourers used to come to gather in the English harvests. For further information concerning this subject, we refer the reader to an article which appeared in our issue of October 29th last, page 446, entitled, "The Kanak in Queensland."—Our engravings, which are from sketches by Mr. A. J. Boyd, of Milton, near Brisbane, represent the Kanaka in three stages of existence: first, in his native woods; secondly, as he goes ashore in Queensland; and thirdly, as he appears after his term of service is completed, "tagged out" in civilised array.

"CUTTING OUT" A FAT BEAST, QUEENSLAND

THIS engraving is from a sketch by Mr. A. L. Travers, and shows how on a cattle-station the experienced stockman selects one special beast from the herd. A man must be a skilful rider for this sort of work, and if his horse is accustomed to the business, he turns his head and watches the bullock, who is apt to conceive an amiable desire to horn him.

THE LATE MAORI TROUBLES IN NEW ZEALAND

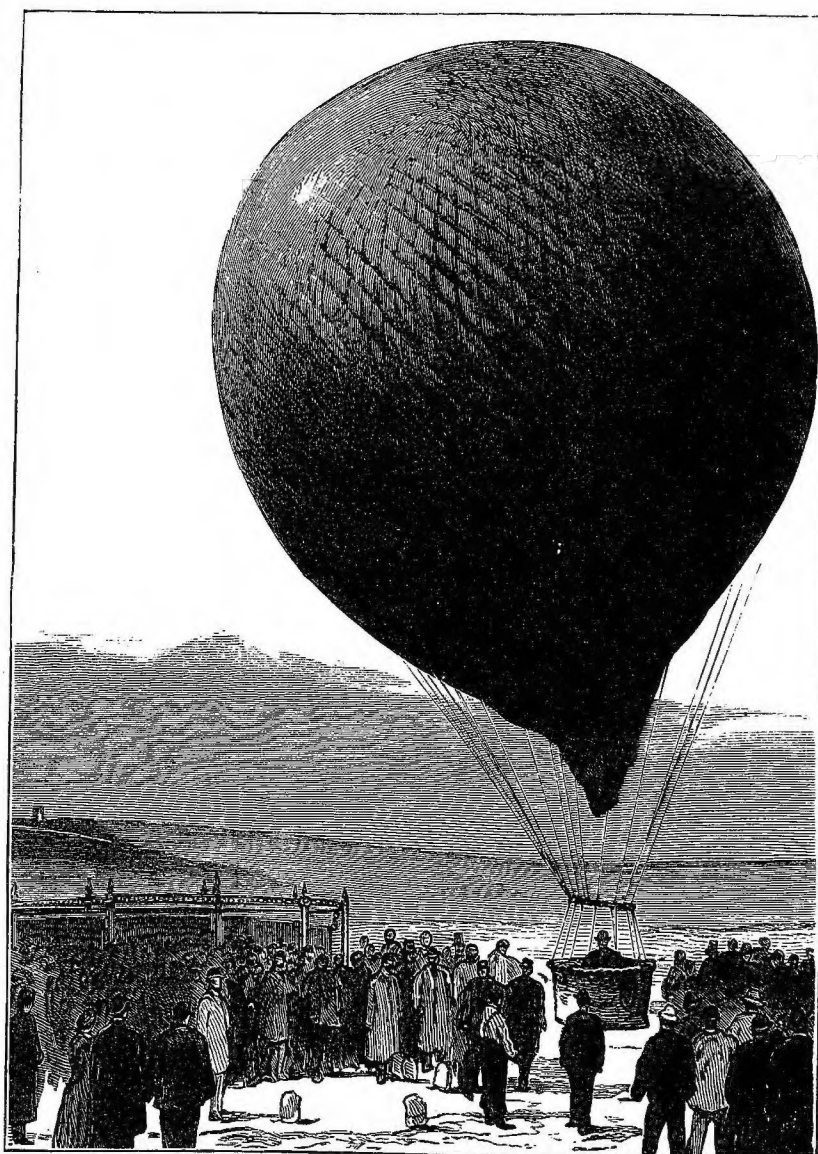
WE have at intervals given full accounts, accompanied by illustrations, of these troubles. Here, therefore, a very brief summary of facts will suffice. In the New Plymouth district the threatening attitude of the Maories, although ostensibly passive in its character, prevented the colonisation of certain tracts of land which had been



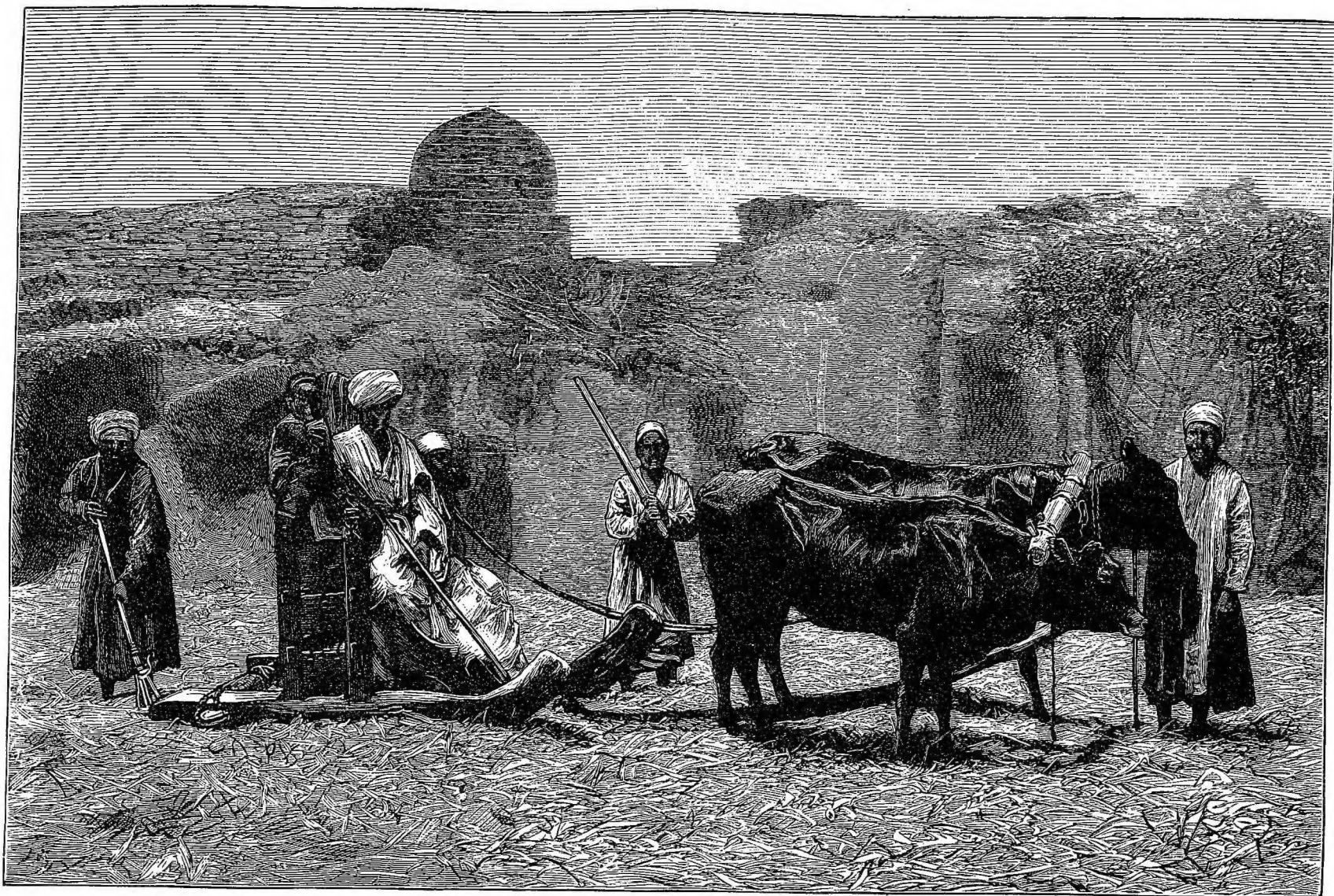
RATIONAL DRESS FOR LADIES—NOTES AT THE EXHIBITION OF HYGIENIC COSTUME



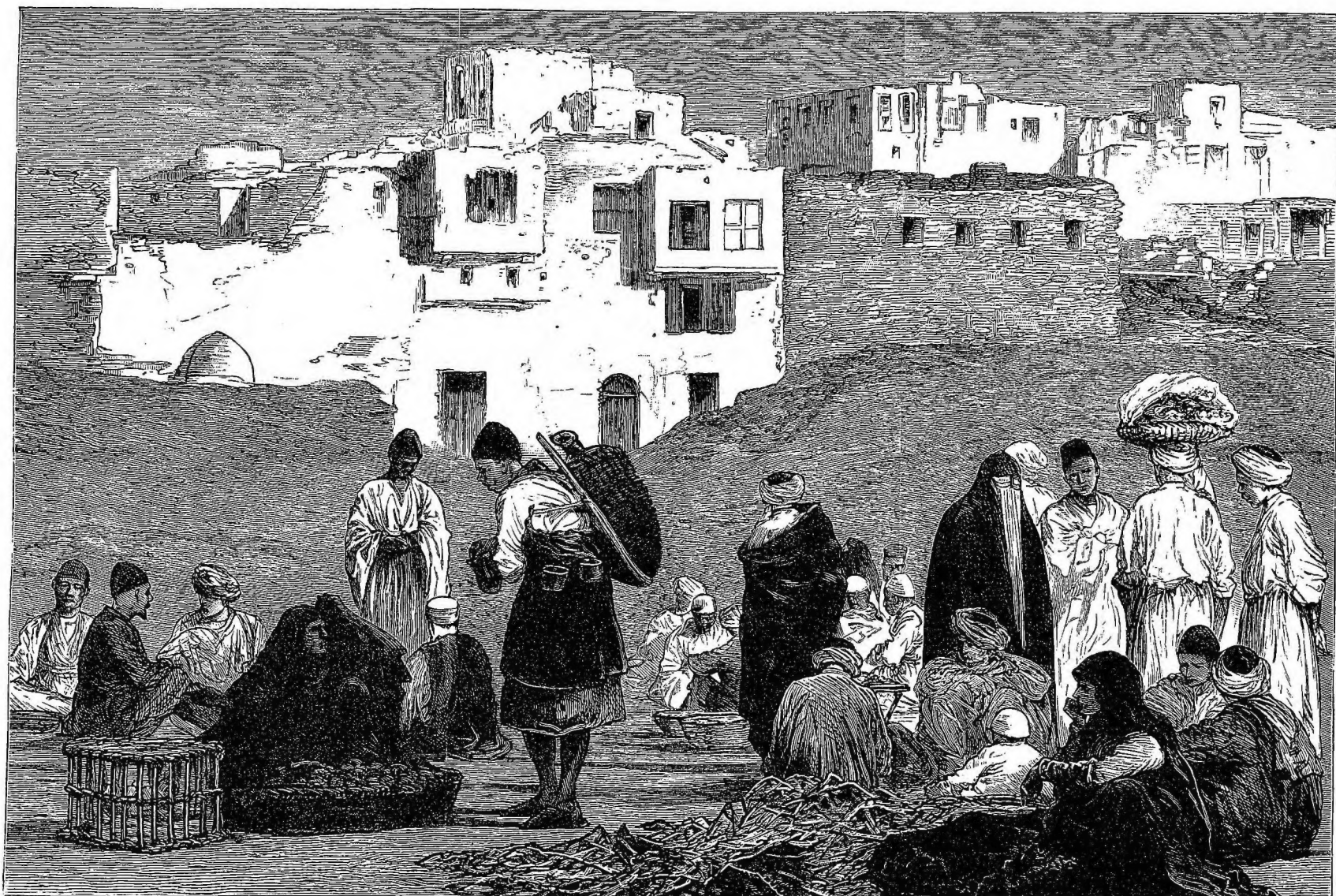
"TOTTIE," A REGIMENTAL PET



COLONEL BURNABY'S RECENT BALLOON VOYAGE ACROSS THE CHANNEL:
THE START



A NATIVE CHAFF-CUTTING MACHINE



THE MARKET PLACE, CAIRO

LIFE IN EGYPT

sold to white settlers. The hostile feelings of the Maories were intensified by the utterances of the prophet, Te Whiti, who was regarded by the natives who had gathered together in the stronghold of Parihaka as their divinely-appointed leader. In order to prevent another collision between the two races, like that of the great Waikato War, the Government resolved on a bold stroke of policy. Having assembled some 1,500 of the Armed Constabulary and Volunteers, the village of Parihaka was surrounded. No resistance was offered, and Te Whiti, Tohu, his fighting general, and a man named Hiroki, accused of the murder of a European some years before, were captured. These persons have been committed for trial, and at the same time those natives who had no territorial claims at Parihaka were sent away to their proper places of abode. Thus far this policy has been very successful. Late advices from New Zealand report that quiet prevailed at Parihaka, and great pains were being taken to impress on the resident natives the absolute necessity of prohibiting the return of alien tribes.

The sketches which we publish this week are taken from an illustrated journal prepared by Mr. George Sherriff, of Wanganui, New Zealand, while on a tour through the disturbed district.

The Rutland Stockade, Wanganui, dates from the period when Imperial troops were quartered in New Zealand. It is now converted into a prison, but is getting so out of repair that before long it will probably be pulled down.

As Opunake would have become the base of operations had hostilities broken out, the Government placed that settlement under the charge of one of its most experienced officers, Major Noake, a Crimean veteran, who was severely wounded at Balaklava, and afterwards served in India during the Mutiny.

The remains of the ancient fortifications at Turo Turo Mokai are very extensive. A large force must have been needed to man and hold them. They indicate the warlike propensities of the Maories long before the white man appeared among them.

Rahotu, where there is a stockade and camp, is a very charming place, the homes of the Armed Constabulary have been very prettily laid out, and the *wharés* (huts) of the officers tastefully finished.

The next sketch shows the redoubt at Opunake, as seen from the sea beach, with the surf-boats in the foreground. It was constructed by the Armed Constabulary.

The sentry-box near Rahotu was erected by the disaffected Maories ostensibly for watching their crops, which, by the way, were planted upon Government land, but really to observe the movements of the Constabulary, who were camped on the high ground opposite.

Of Te Whiti and his lieutenant Tohu, and of Hiroki, the alleged murderer, we have already spoken; nor does the view of the camp at Pungarehu (taken from the main road and western side) need any description.

The last sketch is a general view, "the only view I obtained," says Mr. Sherriff, "of the Maori stronghold, Parihaka. There was not much to sketch, except the uninteresting tops or roofs of dirty-looking *wharés*. The wooden house in the distance was, I believe, erected by Te Whiti for the reception of the Governor and the Duke of Manchester, who, however, did not pay him a visit."

"MARION FAY"

MR. TROLLOPE'S New Story, illustrated by W. Small, is continued on page 341.

THE CATHEDRAL OF ARGES

See page 346.

THE PRIVY COUNCIL AS A COURT OF APPEAL— "LET THOSE LAUGH WHO WIN"

IN the sketch where the scene is laid in the Privy Council Office Court of Appeal in Downing Street, one of the Council is reading judgment in a case of appeal from the Maltese Courts. The last words, "We humbly advise Her Majesty to dismiss the appeal," are about to be spoken, and the Registrar, the gentleman standing under the clock, is moving silently to the table to utter some fiat or shibboleth inaudible to the public. In the present case the ownership of nearly the whole of Valetta, and vast property which Government holds on lease, is at stake.

The appellant sues Her Majesty, as Sovereign of the Colonies, to decide the case. No wonder that, in spite of the profoundly quiet and business-like air of the place, hearts are beating in suspense, and when the words of fate are spoken counsel for the defendant congratulate, and the poor appellant, dismissed with costs, goes off on a moody walk in the neighbouring park.

TYPES OF BEAUTY, No. VIII

M. Lévy's beauty, the second of the series of Types of Beauty painted for the proprietors of *The Graphic* by French artists, is a far different damsel to the pale, refined-looking "Parisina" of M. Baudry, which we published some weeks since. M. Lévy is evidently a disciple of Rubens; his beautiful woman is well-developed and florid, and savours rather of the robust Flemish than of the slighter Gallic figure. As we have previously remarked, these two types seem the chief ideals of beauty in the mind of the French artist; and while one like M. Baudry paints his heroine attired as simply as possible, another will prefer to depict, like M. Lévy in the picture before us, the lady of his choice in highly-coloured garments and rich flashing jewels. A greater contrast than these two pictures can scarcely be imagined, and yet both are thoroughly representative of the French school.

SKETCHES AT MAURITIUS

THE Pieter Botte mountain is one of the chief lions of the island of Mauritius. It is named after a Dutchman who lost his life in trying to climb it about a hundred years ago. It has since been successfully ascended. The account of one of these ascents appeared in this journal. The Pieter Botte is of a cone-like shape, and has a huge rock lightly poised on its summit. In the view off Black River Pieter is seen in the distance, while to the left is the signal mountain, on the top of which is a signal mast and timeball.

The "Morne," on the right of Tamarind Bay, has also been previously illustrated in this journal. It is a huge rock, 1,800 feet high, jutting out into the sea; and was once the scene of thrilling adventures with maroons, or runaway slaves, who had made themselves a home on its almost inaccessible summit.

The *Nina*, the good little boat which took Mr. North Hall, of Port Louis (to whom we are indebted for our sketches), and his friends round the island, well deserved her pretty name. But her inmates were not lucky in their fishing adventures. The porpoises were not to be taken, in fact, the only thing taken was a ducking by the travellers.

The following facts told by Mr. Hall are noteworthy. The climate of Mauritius was formerly so healthy that the island was used as a sanatorium by Anglo-Indians; but since the outbreak of fever in 1867 it has become one of the most unhealthy of our colonies, and, by those who know, is as much feared as Sierra Leone.

ROUND THE WORLD YACHTING, XII.

"CONSIDERING the importance of the place," writes our artist, Mr. C. E. Fripp, "the *Ceylon* stayed but a short time at Madras. I managed, however, to get some character sketches. The native cricketers enter into the game with much spirit. The raft-like catamarans which traverse the world-renowned Madras surf consist

merely of a few logs bound together with rough cocoa-palm fibre. We saw one turn upside down as depicted. The peaked straw cap of the Madras catamaran boatmen is a peculiar feature. Even when they are upset and rolled about in the surf, the cap never falls off. Some of the native conveyances are rather funny to look at, and you see a burly fellow behind a diminutive bullock, or a stout 'party' squeezing into a 'Keranchee, drawn by a pair of sorry 'tats.' Near a temple we saw a little procession consisting of a tom-tom boy; a brace of pipers who brought forth lugubrious sounds by fits and starts, as if the pipe would not always go off; a man bearing a brazen vessel containing holy water from the large tank with which the god Siva was to receive his morning bath—the vessel had a garland round it—and an umbrella bearer."

The *Ceylon* is expected to return from her present trip about the end of July. In the autumn it is proposed to send her on a six weeks' cruise, visiting Lisbon, Gibraltar, Madeira, the Canaries, and the Azores. After this her second cruise round the world will follow, and will be so arranged as not to occupy more than six months. Full particulars can be obtained at the Company's offices, 9, Bridge Street, Westminster; or from Messrs. Grindlay and Co., 55, Parliament Street, S.W.

A FRENCH ARTIST AT EDINBURGH CASTLE

OF all the various uniforms in our army, none excite so much curiosity and interest in a foreigner's mind as that of the Highlander. There is something picturesque to them in the garb of Old Gaul, and if only from the bare legs, the brilliant tartans, and huge headgear, something entirely different to the costume of any other European warrior. Thus, when a French artist paid a recent visit to the Castle at Edinburgh, it was natural that he should select the garrison a subject for his pencil.

His sketches are explained by their own titles, but in reference to No. 2 he writes:—"When your artist entered the soldiers' dining-room, a sergeant rose, and presented him with a bowl filled with capital stout, saying: 'Will you have some stout with us, sir?' which your artist found to be a very gentle habit. Of course he accepted, and drank with them all. By the bye, the soldier was carving a capital joint." No. 3 shows the pipers of the 78th Highlanders, Ross-shire Buffs, and No. 4 is a sergeant of the 71st Regiment, wearing the Scotch tartan trousers. No. 6 is a man of the 50th Infantry, "Queen's Own," and No. 7 is a bugler of the Black Watch.

LIFE IN EGYPT

OUR illustrations are from photographs by M. P. Sebah, of Cairo. One of them shows one of the most characteristic features of modern Cairo—the market-place—where are congregated a motley crowd of turbaned and fez-covered vendors and buyers from all parts of Asia Minor and Egypt, from Syria to the Soudan, driving dignified bargains as only Orientals can, while tourist Gaiours intermingling with the throng of closely-veiled Khanoums, and dusky fellah women, stare hard at the various True Believers, and pass remarks upon the fair—and otherwise—feminine portion of the community with a freedom which would make a Mahomedan's hair stand on end—could he but understand them. Fruits and vegetables there are in plenty, while flower-girls are not wanting; and the vendor of water and sherbet drives a thriving trade.

The patriarchal-looking agricultural implement in the second illustration is a contrivance for cutting chaff, and which is used throughout Egypt, and, to judge from its primitive construction, is a relic of the time of the Pharaohs.

GROWTH OF AN AMERICAN CITY

THE rapidity with which towns and cities sometimes spring up in the far West is well exemplified in the case of the city of Bonanza, Colorado; two views of which appear on page 353. In March, 1880, silver was discovered on Kirber Creek, Saguache Co., in this State, prospectors soon poured in, the streets of Bonanza City were surveyed early in July, and a few buildings began to go up. More mines were discovered, and more people came in, until in January, 1881, houses could not be built fast enough, rents were fabulously high, and lots were held at extravagant figures. At that time, and for some two months after, the population was nearly 10,000. A re-action, however, followed, and the superfluous people disappeared even more rapidly than they had assembled, leaving only about 1,200, which was quite as many as the business of the mines and mills would support. From this point the town will probably increase steadily, as the mines are "true fissures," and consequently, according to the general theory, permanent. Our first view is from a sketch taken on the 16th July, 1880, by the first settler in the place; the second, which is from a photograph taken about a year later, represents only about half the town.

ANCIENT IRON MASK-HELMET

"THIS singular helmet," writes our correspondent, "is as far as I can ascertain the only instance of a headpiece of a suit of armour which was made to fit the very features of the wearer. It was found about thirty years ago on the shore of the Danube, near Semendria (Servia), and is exhibited in the National Museum at Belgrade. The workmanship of the hair and the beard is very fine, and the lineaments of the human face have been exactly reproduced. The outline and shape of the nose is perfect—every little dimple of the cheeks and chin, the wrinkles between the eyebrows, the numerous protuberances of the ordinary face, are marvellously worked out. The end of the nose had evidently been indented by a blow from some heavy weapon, while the hole near the right eye bears unmistakable evidence of a tremendous thrust from a spiked weapon which probably slew the wearer. The edges of the hole are turned in precisely as they would be by a blow from one of the ancient spiked maces. In the lower edge of the helmet are numerous small holes by means of which it was attached in the ordinary way to the corslet, or to an intermediary species of neck-piece. Upon the top and back of the head there are two projections which evidently formed part of a plume-supporting fixture, or perhaps of the peculiar brazen ornament worn by the Roman soldiery. The metal is much corroded, and the hole in the crown is due to the rust having eaten through the metal. It now weighs 7lb. 2oz., and when padded inside must have been a heavy and substantial protection for the head of its proprietor, who, to judge from the probable cost of the helmet and its high artistic finish, must have been a Roman patrician."

THE PRINCESS TAPISVINI OF NEPAUL

THIS lady, who is descended from a Royal Brahmin family, is renowned throughout India for her linguistic attainments and her profound religious knowledge. She was born in the Samvat year 1895 (A.D. 1839), and at an early age resolved to lead a life of celibacy, and devote herself entirely to religion, living (it is said) solely upon milk. She rapidly became familiar with Sanskrit, Mavathi, Hindustani, and Kanarese, and has also some acquaintance with English; and she has deeply studied the Four Vedas, the sacred Scriptures of the Hindoos; in addition to the "Atma Dnyana," or Knowledge of Spirit. For the last twenty years she has travelled in different parts of India, visiting the holy places; and not only lecturing upon religious and social subjects, but distributing alms and tending the sick poor. She has always taken much interest in female education.—Our portrait is from a photograph.

TRAVELLING ON THE GOLD COAST

THE enervating nature of the climate of equatorial West Africa is indicated by the mode of progression adopted by travellers. Horses are rare or almost unknown, for the combination of heat and moisture speedily saps their health, and therefore the white man when he wishes to travel gets into a hammock, over which an awning is spread to shield him from the scorching rays of the sun, and is borne onwards on the shoulders of stalwart negroes. Twenty miles is an ordinary day's journey; but, on extraordinary occasions, the late Mr. Winwood Reade tells us, such as a visit to a royal personage, the journey is converted into a progress, not more than six miles a day are accomplished, and at every village there are festivities—drinking, dancing, singing, and firing guns.—Our engraving is from a photograph sent by Captain A. H. Pain, 75th Regiment.



THE CLÔTURE.—Mr. Mitchell Henry has written a long letter to his constituents, justifying his support of the Government on the *clôture* question on the ground that he has always been opposed to the waste of "Time, God's best gift to man." He defies any one to prove that he has changed his political principles or failed to fulfil his promises; and he declares that the present condition of Ireland, stained with blood and crime, with religion and morality openly scoffed at, greed and selfishness proclaimed as national gods, and the Divine anger roused against them by the continuous violation of the laws on which society is based, to be the direct result of a policy the exact opposite of his own and that of the almost-forgotten Isaac Butt.—Sir Andrew Fairbairn having been spoken of in the *Globe* as one who, "although not thoroughly in accord with the Ministerial proposition, voted nevertheless with the Government, and swelled the majority," has written to that journal, explaining that he made up his mind on the subject a year ago. Sir James Lawrence, having been blamed by his constituents for not voting with the Government on Friday last, has sent them a letter, expressing his surprise that they should regard him simply as a delegate to be denounced if he ventured to exercise independent and conscientious judgment.

IRELAND.—Again the news from Ireland is mainly a revolting catalogue of murder and outrage. On Thursday last week Mr. A. E. Herbert, of Castleisland, County Clare, a landlord and local magistrate, was shot dead on his way home; and although a number of arrests have been made on suspicion it is to be feared that his assassins will escape punishment for lack of evidence. Another brutal murder was committed near Collinstown, West Meath County, on Sunday, the victim being Mrs. H. J. Smythe, of Dublin, who, being on a visit to her brother-in-law, Mr. Barlow Smythe, was driving home from church with him and Lady Henrietta Monck when three ruffians with blackened faces suddenly stepped from ambush into the road, and fired two volleys with double-barrelled guns. The carriage was literally riddled with bullets, and Mrs. Smythe was killed instantly, receiving the charge in the head. Some arrests have also been made in connection with this crime. Another dastardly outrage is the attempt to destroy the Limerick Police Barracks, which, however, was only partially successful, the occupants escaping unhurt, although the building was damaged.—At Gort (County Galway) a suspended priest has been committed for trial for making a speech at a public meeting inciting his hearers to murder a farmer.—At Athlone on Saturday a sister of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., was charged with having incited people to pay no rent, and refusing to find bail to be of good behaviour was sent to gaol for six months.—From New York comes the news that the United States Government have sent a "sharp remonstrance" to the British Government concerning the lengthened detention of the Irish-Americans without trial.—Michael Davitt has by special favour been allowed to receive and reply to a letter from one of the New York branches of the Land League, informing him that 120% had been voted to him as the nucleus of a fund for his use on his release from prison, and asking for instructions as to its investment. He declines to accept it, but suggests that it should be applied to "whatever purpose may advance the interests or well-being of the people of Ireland."—Messrs. Healy and Parnell have together drafted a Bill to amend the Land Act.

MR. BRADLAUGH has been ordered to deposit in Court within a fortnight the penalty of 500*l.* imposed upon him in the case *Clarke v. Bradlaugh*, and a "Bradlaugh Relief Fund" has been started by his admirers to enable him to comply. If he fails he will probably be made bankrupt, and then unless an arrangement with his creditors is effected within twelve months his seat will become vacant.

THE EAST CORNWALL ELECTION has resulted in the return of the Liberal candidate, Mr. C. T. Dyke-Acland, by 3,720 votes, his Conservative opponent polling 3,520.

THE INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS held its annual dinner on Saturday, under the presidency of Sir W. Armstrong. The Duke of Edinburgh, in responding for the Royal Family, complimented the profession upon their great ingenuity and enterprise, proofs of which were to be found in every quarter of the globe; and humorously suggested that their attention might well be turned to the more efficient ventilation of Willis's Rooms (the place in which they had met). Amongst the other speakers were the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Northbrook, and Admiral Sir Cooper Key.

THE PADDINGTON PARK BILL has been rejected by the Select Committee, because, according to the most favourable estimate, they have not enough money to complete the purchase which they are desirous of making compulsory. It is to be feared, therefore, that the open space which might have been presented to the metropolis will soon be swallowed up by the insatiable Brick and Mortar Fiend, unless, indeed, some generous Cressus will help the Paddingtonians out of their difficulty. The good work must be done at once if it is to be done at all.

A DISASTROUS COLLISION took place on Saturday night off Cape Finisterre, between the homeward bound Royal Mail steamer *Douro*, and the Spanish steamer, *Yrurac Bat*. Both vessels sunk within half an hour, the British captain, four senior officers, and four passengers being lost with all baggage, mails, and a large sum in specie. The number of survivors is as yet uncertain, but it is hoped that it will prove greater than was at first reported. Some were picked up from the boats by the English steamer *Hidalgo* of Hull, and taken to Corunna. The Spaniard is said to have run into the *Douro* on her starboard quarter. It is difficult to account for the accident, as a clear moon was shining at the time.

THE SUNDAY SOCIETY held its annual conversation and ball last week at Freemasons' Hall, the festivities being proceeded by a meeting, at which the chairman, Mr. Burt, M.P., and other speakers, expressed themselves hopeful as to early legislation in favour of opening the national museums and galleries on Sunday.

THE RUSSO-JEWISH REFUGEES continue to arrive in London in large numbers, and as the authorities in New York have requested

that none but able-bodied single men shall in future be sent thither, the Mansion House Committee have communicated with the Chilean Minister at Berlin with the view of settling a colony of Russian Jews in Chili.



THE House of Lords, doubtless having in view the sacrifice they propose to make after Easter, when they will meet for business an hour earlier, began to take their holidays on Friday, 31st ult., and will not meet again till Thursday, the 20th April. The House of Commons, adjourning four days later, will meet again four days earlier. In the Commons, as in the Lords, the last word was on the same subject as the first word had been, and as a wilderness of words have been since the Houses met in February. The student of our times who obtains his information exclusively from the Parliamentary reports might well think the whole of the British Empire was contained within the geographical term "Ireland." It is ever "Ireland" in Parliament, and the most lamentable circumstance connected with the iteration is that Ireland grows no better, but rather the worse.

Since the discovery at the bottom of Lough Foyle of the two murdered bailiffs no such manifest horror has stricken the House of Commons as on Tuesday, when the Solicitor-General of Ireland admitted the truth of the statement that a lady driving along an Irish road in broad daylight had been cruelly murdered. The shot was not meant for her, it is true; but it appears that if Irish ladies have relations who own farms and desire to collect their rents go out on the Queen's highway they must be prepared to be shot inadvertently at every turn of the road.

The great debate on the Clôture resolution came to an end at an early hour on Friday morning with the majority of thirty-nine for the Government. This went beyond the most sanguine expectation, which hovered around thirty, and it shows how strong the Government is in the fealty of its following. But it scarcely helps onward the ever-saddest case of Ireland. When the new Rules of Procedure have been made Standing Orders there is no doubt they will add greatly to the despatch of business. By a significant coincidence, the First Resolution, round which the battle has waged most fiercely, will hereafter be least heard of. But, by common consent—not less emphatic on the lips of Conservatives than of Liberals—the other Rules will greatly check Obstruction. A single one—that forbidding the moving of the adjournments at question time—would, if passed seven years ago, have saved a period of working time equal to half a Session. Obstruction will not be killed under the new Resolutions, but it will be very materially scotched.

Nevertheless, it is beginning to be felt that no passing of rules designed for the discipline of Irish members will meet the full case of Ireland. There was a time when this seemed otherwise. Public attention was centred upon outrages in Parliament which by their frequency and audacity dwarfed the proportions of the outrages in Ireland. Now the case is reversed. We still have outrages in Parliament, but by comparison with the constant and rapid succession of murder and outrage in Ireland these have fallen from their position of prominence. It is not that Irish members are better, but that outrages in Ireland are lamentably worse. That the condition of Ireland will have to be dealt with in quite other ways than those which have hitherto been ineffectual is the most unanimous and strongly-marked impression which Members in all parts of the House carry away with them on their Easter holidays.

Friday night was one of those occasions when, for all practical purposes, the doors of the House of Commons might have been closed. At three o'clock in the morning Members had gone home elated or depressed by the Government victory, according as they sat on one side or other of the House. For the evening sitting there was provided a miscellaneous feast. Friday is a night of which, in olden times, Government used to obtain a fair slice, and were wont to make progress in Committee of Supply. Now, except when the determination is taken to sit up all night, votes are rarely got on the Friday. Members put down their names to call attention to all kinds of things upon the earth beneath, in the heavens above the earth, and on the waters that are under the earth. All these discussions are carried on in the presence of from ten to twenty members, and when utter weariness and collapse come, the Committee set about voting millions of public money. On Friday the active mind of Mr. Arthur Arnold—which has a great faculty of associating itself with more or less important outlying sections of the Liberal programme which, being submitted, must inevitably be endorsed by the party—had rooted out the question of land and other property vested in Ecclesiastical Commissioners. Of course nothing could come of this but speechmaking, and the enunciation of some common-places of Liberal opinion. But having the first place this discussion occupied the best part of the evening. A much more important, because more practical, subject was less fortunate.

The question of herring-brands does not readily lend itself to flights of eloquence, to the advancement of fussy politicians, though it has its recommendations on the score of practical use. Nevertheless, shortly after the discussion had commenced, and even while the Lord Advocate was making his statement, Mr. Biggar succeeded in counting-out the House. Three times this had been attempted, and now had succeeded. It was not due to any strong opinion Mr. Biggar holds on the question of herring-brands. The fact is that lower down the order was the motion for the nomination of a Committee on Public Accounts. The Irish Members insist on Mr. Parnell's name being on the Committee. Lord Frederick Cavendish not unreasonably urges that under present circumstances Mr. Parnell would necessarily be a constant absentee. But that is just the question the Land Leaguers want to raise. If Mr. Parnell were nominated on the Committee they would immediately put in action the law which makes attendance on Committees nominally compulsory. As the Government cannot afford to devote to the discussion of this question a sitting before half-past twelve on a Government night, the Committee is indefinitely postponed, under the rule that no opposed business may be taken after that hour. Mr. Biggar being on duty to see that this Committee was not brought on, and hankering after home comforts, desired to bring the proceedings to a premature conclusion, so that he might go home before half-past twelve. Therefore the House was counted out, and the humble service sought for by Scotland in respect of its herring brands was made impossible. This is how business is transacted in the House of Commons under the present Rules of Procedure.

Mr. Biggar's wings will be cut for flights like these by the modification of the half-past twelve Rule, which forms part of the new Rules. But there is not anything proposed to meet such a case as that of Mr. Callan. On Monday night he had found in an Irish paper a report of a private conversation between the Home Secretary and Mr. Anderson, the Member for Glasgow. It was in many respects a matter not worthy the consideration of the House of Commons, a reason which doubtless had much weight with Mr. Callan in bringing it forward. Mr. Mitchell Henry, probably having in mind Mr. Callan's connection with the Irish Press, revealed during a recent libel case in which he figured as defendant, hotly jumped at the conclusion that Mr. Callan had himself sent

this paragraph to the paper. He therefore gave notice that "if this habit of eavesdropping on the part of Members of the House connected with the Press were continued, he should move that the Lobby be cleared of strangers." This was a bull not lost upon the House. But its merriment was plainly tempered with some reflection of humiliation at these squabbles among Irish members, and these outpourings of the results of searching into the byways of petty scandal. It seems to be clear that so long as there are Members in the House of the peculiar constitution of Mr. Callan, no Rules can prevent the recurrence of little episodes like this.



ALTHOUGH the ancient regulation compelling theatres to close their doors in Passion Week has long been abolished, with the exception only of Good Friday, the week preceding the Easter holidays is always a dull week with the theatres; and this year more than one house has been closed. The COURT Theatre, for example, has devoted its stage this week to rehearsals of the new comedy, entitled *The Parvenu*, by Mr. G. W. Godfrey, which will be produced this evening. This is, we are glad to say, an original production; whatever, therefore, may be its fate, it will at least not give rise to those humiliating negotiations with French authors for leave to perform adaptations of their pieces of which its predecessor, *The Manager*, has recently furnished an example. DRURY LANE is also among the closed houses. The VAUDEVILLE has been closed since Monday, and will not resume the representations of *The School for Scandal* till this evening. The forthcoming Easter dramatic novelties are, on the other hand, at least as numerous as they have been wont to be since the long-established custom of producing new extravaganzas at this season fell into abeyance. Besides *The Parvenu*, which is a light but not farcical comedy of manners of the present day, there is to be produced at the IMPERIAL, this afternoon, a romantic drama, by Mr. Robert Buchanan, entitled *Lucy Brandon*, which is founded on the late Lord Lytton's novel, "Paul Clifford." In the evening the OLYMPIC, which has been closed for some time, re-opens, under the management of Mr. John Coleman, with another drama, by Mr. Buchanan, entitled *The Shadow of the Sword*. This piece has been played in the country, and, as we are assured, with success; but it is entirely new to the London stage. There will also be to-night a revival, at the ALHAMBRA, of Messrs. Planché and Boucicault's *Babil and Bijou*, originally produced at Covent Garden about ten years ago. This piece, which far exceeded in splendour and scenic beauty the ordinary extravaganzas of that time, was a bold attempt to acclimatise here those elaborate spectacular representations of legendary themes which, under the name of "Féeries," have long been the delight of the simple-minded Parisian playgoer. Its success was not commensurate with its costly character; but tastes have undergone a change since then; and as the revival is expected to be very brilliant and complete—the text being, moreover, partly rewritten to give it a fresher air—it is not improbable that it will prove very popular. Among other Easter changes in theatre programmes is the substitution of *She Stoops to Conquer* for *Ours* at the HAYMARKET, which will serve to introduce Mrs. Langtry to evening audiences in the character of Miss Hardcastle, as played by her at recent morning performances. This lady's performance in this part is, we are inclined to think, better than her subsequent impersonation in Mr. Robertson's comedy, and is in itself one of considerable merit. Mrs. Langtry's sudden access of theatrical fame has excited a good deal of comment—some of which has been of a rather ill-natured kind. Doubtless her previous reputation for personal attractions has had much to do with the interest which her performances have excited; but the candid critic must still admit that we have not had for some time a more promising debutante. In saying this much we are not unmindful of the cynical wit who observed of a "promising actress" that he expected an actress not only to promise, but to perform. In conjunction with the revival of Goldsmith's immortal comedy, *The Lesson* will be played nightly, Mrs. Bancroft resuming her original part in this sprightly little piece. The present arrangements, however, are but temporary, the management of the Haymarket being under a strict engagement with M. Sardou to produce their adaptation of *Odette* in the course of the present month. While noticing the Easter pieces, we must not forget a new historical play by Mr. J. W. Boulding, which is to have a first trial at the ADELPHI Theatre this afternoon. Its title is *The King-Maker*.

The brilliant success of MM. Erckmann-Chatrian's new play *Les Rantzau* at the Théâtre Français serves to remind us of how far more fortunate is the position of French novelists than that of their English brethren as regards the right of dramatising their own works. The novel entitled "Les Deux Frères," on which this play is founded, has been before the public many years; but no one has ever questioned the authors' exclusive right to convert it into a drama when so disposed. In England it would probably have long ago fallen into the hands of some unscrupulous playwright, who, after the fashion of his tribe, would have availed himself of the novelist's inventions while publicly depreciating the work which he had condescended to appropriate. In France this obvious injustice is forbidden, and it is worth noting that no practical difficulty appears to be found in enforcing the principle.

At the GAIETY *The Forty Thieves* has been revived, in the place of *Aladdin*, with Mr. E. Terry, Miss E. Farren, Miss Kate Vaughan, Mr. Royce, Mr. Dallas, and indeed the entire strength of the Gaiety company in their original parts.

On Monday Mr. Toole will revive *Bardell v. Pickwick* by way of afterpiece to Mr. Byron's *Auntie* at TOOLE'S Theatre. We need hardly say that this immensely popular comedian will appear again as Serjeant Buzfuz, in that particular real forensic wig and gown with which Mr. Serjeant Ballantine, as he tells us in his recently published Memoirs, has furnished his friend for this purpose.

Mr. Bancroft contradicts the statement that Mr. David James will return next winter to the Lyceum. His engagement at the Haymarket, we are told, is permanent.

THE INTERNATIONAL FINE ART EXHIBITION AT VIENNA was inaugurated on Saturday by the Emperor of Austria, but according to all accounts was as incomplete as the majority of such exhibitions on the opening day. The collection is very large—some 7,500 subjects—and Germany occupies most space, the Teutonic exhibits being hung in one of the newly-erected wings of the Kunsterhaus, while the French pictures are nearly as numerous, and are housed in the same part of the building. The French have abstained from sending military works dealing with the Franco-Prussian War, and are strongest in portraits. The English section is singularly small, and amongst its most notable exhibits contains Mr. Boehm's terra-cotta busts of Messrs. Bright and Gladstone, and his statue of Mr. Carlyle. Spain in particular shows a remarkable improvement on late years, the advance being also noticeable in Swedish and Dutch contributions. In the Austrian department Herr Makart's works are amongst the greatest attractions, as he sends a fine Cleopatra and a characteristic portrait of Sarah Bernhardt.



ANOTHER POLAR EXPEDITION has been organised, this time by Austria. It started from Pola on Monday on its way northwards.

OVER SEVEN THOUSAND WORKS have been sent in for the Paris Salon, and, as only 2,500 pictures can be admitted, Gallic artistic circles are in a great state of anxiety.

A FRESH LIKENESS OF THE QUEEN will appear on the next issue of British gold coinage, Her Majesty being represented as in the present day, and wearing the Imperial crown. This is only the second die struck during the Queen's reign.

A QUAIN COLLECTION OF JAPANESE PAINTINGS is now being exhibited at Berne. There are 150 pictures illustrating the different branches of native Art—figure, landscape, animal, floral, &c., and one of the works was executed by Les-hi-re, who lived at the end of the fourteenth century.

JUMBO'S FAME has certainly not been confined to English-speaking people. So much interest has been taken in the renowned elephant throughout Germany that one Jumbophile has collected over 400 different papers in the German language containing notices of the animal and his doings.

HERR KRUPP watches over his huge colony of workmen with fatherly care, and has now ordered all his men to be re-vaccinated under penalty of immediate dismissal. As a small-pox epidemic prevails round Essen, he had previously requested them to submit to the operation, but finding persuasion useless, now employs more forcible means. The vaccination is to take place during working hours, and animal vaccine will be used in order to evade any objection respecting infection.

A BELGIAN "BATTLE OF DORKING," which has lately been published in Paris, has aroused great excitement in Belgian and Dutch military circles. The pamphlet details the siege of Antwerp in the year 1900, and describes the re-partition of Europe, following on a war between France and Germany. Thus France is completely broken up into distinct States, which take the title of the United States of France; Italy obtains a large slice of French territory—Tunis, Corsica, and Savoy; while Germany annexes Belgium and Holland.

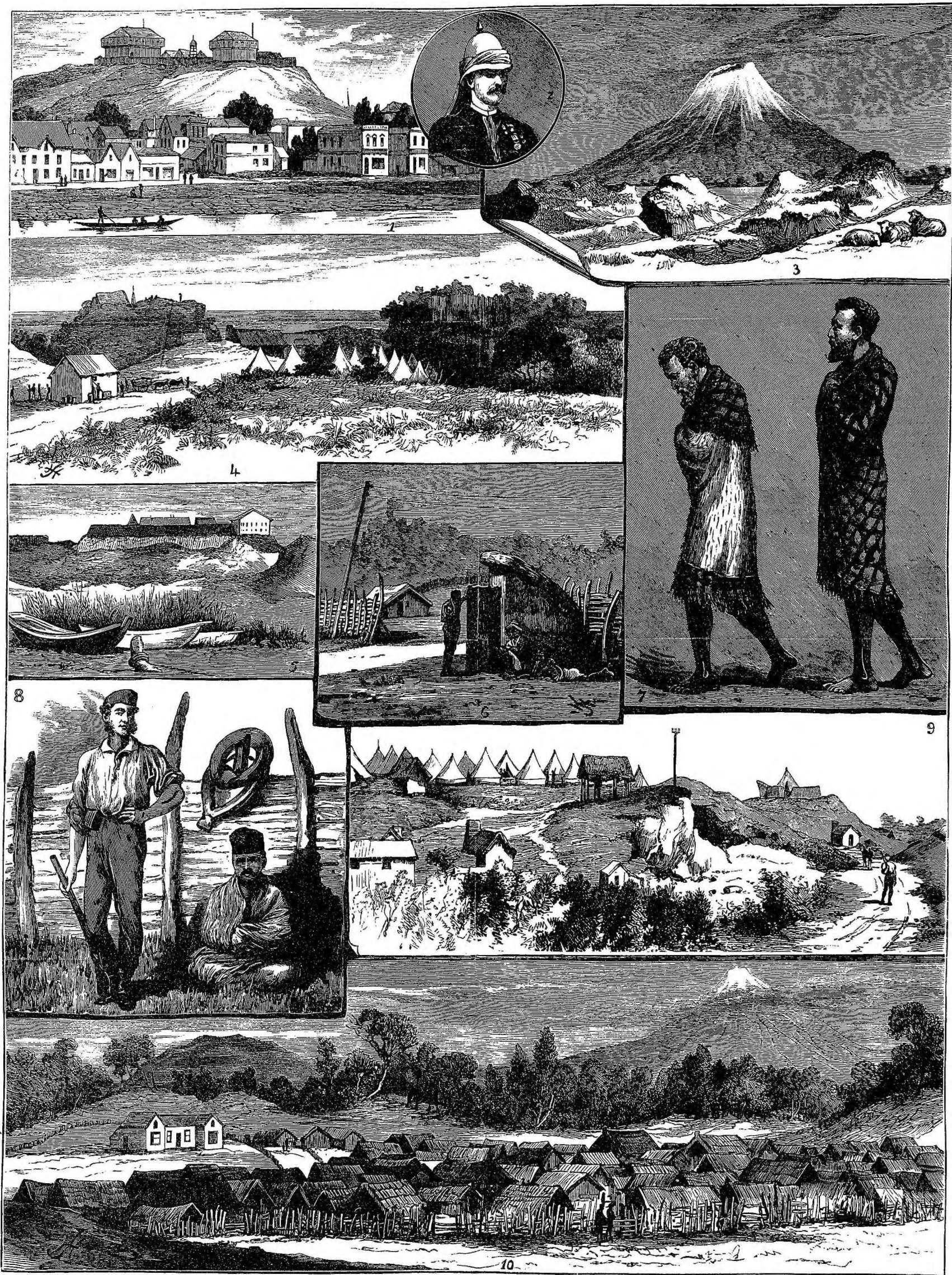
THE SEA-SHELL AND CHILDREN'S SCRAP-BOOK MISSIONS, which provide so much pleasing amusement to poor sick little ones in hospitals, will hold a Bazaar and Exhibition of Shells of All Countries in aid of the funds of the Missions, on April 25th, 26th, 27th, and 28th, at the Hanover Assembly Rooms, Kennington Park. The headquarters of the Mission have been moved to 26, Tunstall Road, Brixton Road, S.W., whither those young people who are going to enjoy Easter holidays at the seaside may perhaps remember to send any pretty shells collected in their rambles.

A WATER FAMINE IS THREATENED IN CONSTANTINOPLE, owing to the dry winter. On March 25 the reservoirs which supply the city only contained sufficient water for ten days, and the officials were endeavouring to obtain a fresh supply from the well-known Sweet Waters of Europe. Similar drought prevails all over the country north of Constantinople, according to a correspondent of the *American Register*, right up to the Danube, which is now so low that in many places the customary depth has sunk from 19 ft. or 20 ft. to 10 ft. or 11 ft., while at the Iron Gates it is possible to wade across the river ankle deep.

BRITISH HOME FOR INCURABLES.—The twenty-first anniversary of this institution was held at the Albion on the 31st ult., the Lord Mayor presiding. In the ordinary acceptance of the term, "hospital" is scarcely the word to apply to this charity, which is rather of the nature of an asylum for those poor afflicted creatures whose admission within its walls means, if they ever had any, the abandonment of all hope of being as their fellow creatures. But they receive the consolation that these latter will remove from them all cares of life, and establish them in one of the pleasantest dwellings in the kingdom. Our space not permitting us to dwell on the many points of social interest that were brought to the notice of the patrons, we can assure our readers that a visit will repay their pains. The hospital is at Wimbledon, and the secretary, Mr. Robert G. Salmon, of 73, Cheapside, E.C., will be happy to afford all information.

THE PREVAILING THIRST FOR HISTORICAL TRUTH IN STAGE ACCESSORIES often puts managers and actors of the present day to endless trouble. Thus, in MM. Erckmann-Chatrian's new piece, *Les Rantzau*, at the Paris Théâtre Français, M. Coquelin, who portrays the old Alsatian schoolmaster, had set his mind on playing on an authentic piano of the period, and the search for the ancient instrument is amusingly told by M. Claretie in his Thursday Chronicles in the *Paris Temps*. M. Got happily remembered an aged friend of his who collected similar antiquities, but on application was told that the friend had once possessed such a piano, but had sold it years ago to a struggling young musician. Then came a hunt for the musician, and when he—now an elderly man—was found, he in his turn had parted with it to a convent. Nothing daunted, M. Got obtained an order to enter the convent, and was duly received by the superior, who looked somewhat aghast at the intruder. However, she conducted him through the corridors, a sister coming behind ringing a huge bell, which M. Got found was to warn the pious sisters to avoid a chance meeting, and to pray against any evil consequences from the sacrilegious presence of an actor in the sacred precincts. The piano was duly found, but the superior asked such a price that M. Got was in despair, while the instrument itself was not altogether what he wanted. In another corner, however, he suddenly discovered a queer shabby old piano which was just the thing, and as the nuns had already found it useless, he was allowed to carry off his prize at a very small cost.

EMPEROR WILLIAM'S BIRTHDAY PRESENTS were more numerous than ever this year. From the Empress came a mass of gifts, huge lapis-lazuli vases ornamented with the Emperor's favourite cornflowers, bronzes, a copper firescreen, lamps, majolica figures, and a whole set of anteroom furniture, the two chairs and stools of which the Empress had painted herself, with a vari-coloured design on a grey ground. The young Princesses of the Crown Prince's family also contributed their handiwork in the embroidered napkins, accompanying the blue breakfast service which they gave together with Prince and Princess William, and their father and mother presented a bronze equestrian statue. The Grand Duchess of Baden brought her father a Black Forest clock and a portrait of her daughter, the Crown Princess of Sweden, in her wedding costume, the Princess herself sending a huge crystal tankard, while the whole Royal Family united to present an enormous drinking-horn, mounted in silver gilt in Renaissance style. Flowers showered in from all parts of the empire, crowding the Emperor's room, and one of his most cherished floral gifts was the bouquet brought him by his little granddaughter, the two-year-old Princess Fedore of Saxe-Meiningen, child of the Crown Prince and Princess's eldest daughter, Charlotte. When Emperor William looked out that morning from his study window at the monument of Frederick the Great he found it smothered in flowers, the sides ornamented with cushions o' cornflowers and snowdrops, on the centre of which stood out a "W" of white camellias over an evergreen crescent, while the words "God preserve and protect our Emperor and his House" were formed in the same blue and white blossoms.



1. The Rutland Stockade, Wanganui.—2. Major Noake.—3. Remains of Maori Fortifications at Turo Turo Mokai.—4. Stockade and Camp at Rahotu.—5. The Redoubt at Opunake.—6.—A Maori Sentry Box.—7. Te Whiti and Tohu.—8. The Murderer, Hiroki and His Guard.—9. The Camp at Pungarehu.—10. Parihaka.

THE RECENT NATIVE TROUBLES IN NEW ZEALAND



DRAWN BY WILLIAM SMALL

"Go to sleep, my darling, my darling, my darling!" she said, kissing him again and again.

MARION FAY: A Novel

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "FRAMLEY PARSONAGE," "ORLEY FARM," "THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON," "THE WAY WE LIVE NOW," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"I DO"

LORD HAMPSTEAD did not reach his house till nearly six on the following morning, and, having been travelling two nights out of three, allowed himself the indulgence of having his breakfast in bed. While he was so engaged his sister came to him, very penitent for her fault, but ready to defend herself should he be too severe to him. "Of course I am very sorry because of what you had said. But I don't know how I am to help myself. It would have looked so very strange."

"It was unfortunate—that's all."

"Was it so very unfortunate, John?"

"Of course I had to tell them down there."

"Was papa angry?"

"He only said that if you chose to make such a fool of yourself, he would do nothing for you—in the way of money."

"George does not think of that in the least."

"People must eat, you know."

"Ah; that would make no difference either to him or to me. We must wait, that's all. I do not think it would make me unhappy to wait till I died, if he only were content to wait also. But was papa so very angry?"

"He wasn't so very angry—only angry. I was obliged to tell him; but I said as little to him as possible because he is ill. Somebody else made herself disagreeable."

"Did you tell her?"

"I was determined to tell her;—so that she should not turn round upon me afterwards and say that I had deceived her. I had made a promise to my father."

"Oh, John, I am so sorry."

"There is no use in crying after spilt milk. A promise to my father she would of course take as a promise to her, and it would have been flung it in my face."

"She will do so now."

"Oh, yes;—but I can fight the battle better, having told her everything."

"Was she disagreeable?"

"Abominable! She mixed you up with Marion Fay, and really showed more readiness than I gave her credit for in what she said. Of course she got the better of me. She could call me a liar and a fool to my face, and I could not retaliate. But there's a row in the house which makes everything wretched there."

"Another row?"

"You are forgotten in this new row,—and so am I. George

Roden and Marion Fay are nothing in comparison with poor Mr. Greenwood. He has been committing horrible offences, and is to be turned out. He swears he won't go, and my father is determined he shall. Mr. Roberts has been called in, and there is a question whether Harris shall not put him on gradually diminished rations till he be starved into surrender. He's to have 200*l.* a year if he goes, but he says that it is not enough for him."

"Would it be much?"

"Considering that he likes to have everything of the very best I do not think it would. He would probably have to go to prison or else hang himself."

"Won't it be rather hard upon him?"

"I think it will. I don't know what it is that makes the governor so hard to him. I begged and prayed for another hundred a year as though he were the dearest friend I had in the world; but I couldn't turn the governor an inch. I don't think I ever disliked any one so much in the world as I do Mr. Greenwood."

"Not Mr. Crocker?" she asked.

"Poor Crocker! I love Crocker, in comparison. There is a delightful pachydermatousness about Crocker which is almost heroic. But I hate Mr. Greenwood, if it be in my nature to hate any one. It is not only that he insults me, but he looks at me as though he would take me by the throat and strangle me if he could. But still I will add the other hundred a year out of my own pocket, because I think he is being treated hardly. Only I must do it on the sly."

"But Lady Kingsbury is still fond of him?"

"I rather think not. I fancy he has made himself too free with her, and has offended her. However, there he is shut up all alone, and swearing that he won't stir out of the house till something better is done for him."

There were two matters now on Lord Hampstead's mind to which he gave his attention, the latter of which, however, was much the more prominent in his thoughts. He was anxious to take his sister down to Gorse Hall, and there remain for the rest of the hunting season, making such short runs up to Holloway as he might from time to time find to be necessary. No man can have a string of hunters idle through the winter without feeling himself to be guilty of an unpardonable waste of property. A customer at an eating-house will sometimes be seen to devour the last fragments of what has been brought to him, because he does not like to abandon that for which he must pay. So it is with the man who hunts. It is not perhaps that he wants to hunt. There are other employments in life which would at the moment be more to his taste. It is his conscience which prompts him—the feeling that he cannot forgive himself for intolerable extravagance if he does not use the articles with which he

has provided himself. You can neglect your billiard table, your books, or even your wine-cellar,—because they eat nothing. But your horses so soon eat their heads off their own shoulders if you pass weeks without getting on their backs. Hampstead had endeavoured to mitigate for himself this feeling of improvidence by running up and down to Aylesbury; but the saving in this respect was not sufficient for his conscience, and he was therefore determined to balance the expenditure of the year by a regular performance of his duties at Gorse Hall. But the other matter was still more important to him. He must see Marion Fay before he went into Northamptonshire, and then he would learn how soon he might run up with the prospect of seeing her again. The distance of Gorse Hall and the duty of hunting would admit of certain visits to Holloway. "I think I shall go to Gorse Hall to-morrow," he said to his sister as soon as he had come down from his room.

"All right; I shall be ready. Hendon Hall or Gorse Hall,—or any other Hall, will be the same to me now." Whereby she probably intended to signify that as George Roden was on his way to Italy all parts of England were indifferent to her.

"But I am not quite certain," said he.

"What makes the doubt?"

"Holloway, you know, has not been altogether deserted. The sun no doubt has set in Paradise Row, but the moon remains." At this she could only laugh, while he prepared himself for his excursion to Holloway.

He had received the Quaker's permission to push his suit with Marion, but he did not flatter himself that this would avail him much. He felt that there was a strength in Marion which, as it would have made her strong against her father had she given away her heart without his sanction, so would it be but little moved by any permission coming from him. And there was present to the lover's mind a feeling of fear which had been generated by the Quaker's words as to Marion's health. Till he had heard something of that story of the mother and her little ones, it had not occurred to him that the girl herself was wanting in any gift of physical well-being. She was beautiful in his eyes, and he had thought of nothing further. Now an idea had been put into his head which, though he could hardly realise it, was most painful to him. He had puzzled himself before. Her manner to him had been so soft, so tender, so almost loving, that he could not but hope, could hardly not think, that she loved him. That, loving him, she should persist in refusing him because of her condition of life, seemed to him to be unnatural. He had, at any rate, been confident that, were there nothing else, he could overcome that objection. Her heart, if it were really given to him, would not be able to support itself in its opposition to him

upon such a ground of severance as that. He thought that he could talk her out of so absurd an argument. But in that other argument there might be something that she would cling to with persistency.

But the Quaker himself had declared that there was nothing in it. "As far as I know," the Quaker had said, "she is as fit to become a man's wife as any other girl." He surely must have known, had there been any real cause. Girls are so apt to take fancies into their heads, and then will sometimes become so obstinate in their fancies! In this way Hampstead discussed the matter with himself, and had been discussing it ever since he had walked up and down Broad Street with the Quaker. But if she pleaded her health, he had what her own father had said to use as an argument with which to convince her. If she spoke again of his rank, he thought that on that matter his love might be strong enough as an argument against her, or perhaps her own.

He found no trouble in making his way into her presence. She had heard of his visit to King's Court, and knew that he would come. She had three things which she had to tell him, and she would tell them all very plainly if all should be necessary. The first was that love must have nothing to do in this matter,—but only duty. The second, which she feared to be somewhat weak,—which she almost thought would not of itself have been strong enough,—was that objection as to her condition in life which she had urged to him before. She declared to herself that it would be strong enough both for him and for her if they would only guide themselves by prudence. But the third,—that should be a rock to her if it were necessary;—a cruel rock on which she must be shipwrecked, but against which his bark should surely not be dashed to atoms. If he would not leave her in peace without it she would tell him that she was fit to be no man's wife.

If it came to that, then she must confess her own love. She acknowledged to herself that it must be so. There could not be between them the tenderness necessary for the telling of such a tale without love, without acknowledged love. It would be better that it should not be so. If he would go and leave her to dream of him,—there might be a satisfaction even in that to sustain her during what was left to her of life. She would struggle that it should be so. But if his love were too strong, then must he know it all. She had learned from her father something of what had passed at that interview in the City, and was therefore ready to receive her lover when he came. "Marion," he said, "you expected me to come to you again?"

"Certainly I did."

"Of course I have come. I have had to go to my father or I should have been here sooner. You know that I shall come again and again till you will say a word to me that shall comfort me."

"I knew that you would come again, because you were with father in the City."

"I went to ask his leave,—and I got it."

"It was hardly necessary for you, my lord, to take that trouble."

"But I thought it was. When a man wishes to take a girl away from her own home, and make her the mistress of his, it is customary that he shall ask for her father's permission."

"It would have been so, had you looked higher,—as you should have done."

"It was so in regard to any girl that I should wish to make my wife. Whatever respect a man can pay to any woman, that is due to my Marion." She looked at him, and with the glance of her eye went all the love of her heart. How could she say those words to him, full of reason and prudence and wisdom, if he spoke to her like this? "Answer me honestly. Do you not know that if you were the daughter of the proudest lord living in England you would not be held by me as deserving other usage than that which I think to be your privilege now?"

"I only meant that father could not but feel that you were honouring him."

"I will not speak of honour as between him and me or between me and you. With me and your father honesty was concerned. He has believed me, and has accepted me as his son-in-law. With us, Marion, with us two, all alone as we are here together, all in all to each other as I hope we are to be, only love can be brought in question. Marion, Marion!" Then he threw himself on his knees before her, and embraced her as she was sitting.

"No, my lord; no; it must not be." But now he had both her hands in his, and was looking into her face. Now was the time to speak of duty,—and to speak with some strength, if what she might say was to have any avail.

"It shall not be so, my lord." Then she did regain her hands, and struggled up from the sofa on to her feet. "I, too, believe in your honesty. I am sure of it as I am of my own. But you do not understand me. Think of me as though I were your sister."

"As my sister?"

"What would you have your sister do if a man came to her then, whom she knew that she could never marry? Would you have her submit to his embrace because she knew him to be honest?"

"Not unless she loved him."

"It would have nothing to do with it, Lord Hampstead."

"Nothing, Marion!"

"Nothing, my lord. You will think that I am giving myself airs if I speak of my duty."

"Your father has allowed me to come."

"I owe him duty, no doubt. Had he bade me never to see you, I hope that that would have sufficed. But there are other duties than that,—a duty even higher than that."

"What duty, Marion?"

"That which I owe to you. If I had promised to be your wife—"

"Do promise it."

"Had I so promised, should I not then have been bound to think first of your happiness?"

"You would have accomplished it, at any rate."

"Though I cannot be your wife I do not owe it you the less to think of it,—seeing all that you are willing to do for me,—and I will think of it. I am grateful to you."

"Do you love me?"

"Let me speak, Lord Hampstead. It is not civil in you to interrupt me in that way. I am thoroughly grateful, and I will not show my gratitude by doing that which I know would ruin you."

"Do you love me?"

"Not if I loved you with all my heart,—and she spread out her arms as though to assure herself how she did love him with all her very soul,—would I for that be brought even to think of doing the thing that you ask me."

"Marion!"

"No,—no. We are utterly unfit for each other." She had made her first declaration as to duty, and now she was going on as to that second profession which she intended should be, if possible, the last. "You are as high as blood and wealth and great friends can make you. I am nothing. You have called me a lady."

"If God ever made one, you are she."

"He has made me better. He has made me a woman. But others would not call me a lady. I cannot talk as they do, sit as they do, act as they do,—even think as they do. I know myself, and I will not presume to make myself the wife of such a man as you." As she said this there came a flush across her face, and a fire in her eye, and, as though conquered by her own emotion, she sank again upon the sofa.

"Do you love me, Marion?"

"I do," she said, standing once more erect upon her feet. "There shall be no shadow of a lie between us. I do love you,

Lord Hampstead. I will have nothing to make me blush in my own esteem when I think of you. How should it be other than that a girl such as I should love such a one as you when you ask her with words so sweet!"

"Then, Marion, you shall be my own."

"Oh, yes, I must now be yours,—while I am alive. You have so far conquered me." As he attempted to take her in his arms she retreated from him; but so gently that her very gentleness repressed him. "If never loving another is to be yours,—if to pray for you night and day as the dearest one of all, is to be yours,—if to remind myself every hour that all my thoughts are dear to you, if to think of you so that I may console myself with knowing that one so high and so good has condescended to regard me,—if that is to be yours,—then I am yours; then shall I surely be yours while I live. But it must be only with my thoughts, only with my prayers, only with all my heart."

"Marion, Marion!" Now again he was on his knees before her, but hardly touching her.

"It is your fault, Lord Hampstead," she said, trying to smile. "All this is your doing, because you would not let a poor girl say simply what she had to say."

"Nothing of it shall be true,—except that you love me. That is all that I can remember. That I will repeat to you daily till you have put your hand in mine, and call yourself my wife."

"That I will never do," she exclaimed, once again standing. "As God hears me now I will never say it. It would be wrong,—and I will never say it." In thus protesting she put forth her little hands clenched fast, and then came again the flush across her brow, and her eyes for a moment seemed to wander, and then, failing in strength to carry her through it all, she fell back senseless on the sofa.

Lord Hampstead, finding that he alone could do nothing to aid her, was forced to ring the bell, and to give her over to the care of the woman, who did not cease to pray him to depart. "I can't do nothing, my lord, while you stand over her that way."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

AT GORSE HALL

HAMPSTEAD, when he was turned out into Paradise Row, walked once or twice up the street, thinking what he might best do next, regardless of the eyes at No. 10 and No. 15;—knowing that No. 11 was absent, where alone he could have found assistance had the inhabitant been there. As far as he could remember he had never seen a woman faint before. The way in which she had fallen through from his arms on to the sofa when he had tried to sustain her, had been dreadful to him; and almost more dreadful the idea that the stout old woman with whom he had left her should be more powerful than he to help her. He walked once or twice up and down, thinking what he had best now do, while Clara Demijohn was lost in wonder as to what could have happened at No. 17. It was quite intelligible to her that the lover should come in the father's absence and be entertained,—for a whole afternoon if it might be so; though she was scandalised by the audacity of the girl who had required no screen of darkness under the protection of which her lover's presence might be hidden from the inquiries of neighbours. All that, however, would have been intelligible. There is so much honour in having a lord to court one that perhaps it is well to have him seen. But why was the lord walking up and down the street with that demented air?

It was now four o'clock, and Hampstead had heard the Quaker say that he never left his office till five. It would take him nearly an hour to come down in an omnibus from the City. Nevertheless Hampstead could not go till he had spoken to Marion's father. There was the "Duchess of Edinburgh," and he could no doubt find shelter there. But to get through two hours at the "Duchess of Edinburgh" would, he thought, be beyond his powers. To consume the time with walking might be better. He started off, therefore, and tramped along the road till he came nearly to Finchley, and then back again. It was dark as he returned, and he fancied that he could wait about without being perceived. "There he is again," said Clara, who had in the mean time gone over to Mrs. Duffer. "What can it all mean?"

"It's my belief he's quarrelled with her," said Mrs. Duffer. "Then he'd never wander about the place in that way. There's old Zachary just come round the corner. Now we shall see what he does."

"Fainted, has she?" said Zachary, as they walked together up to the house. "I never knew my girl do that before. Some of them can faint just as they please; but that's not the way with Marion." Hampstead protested that there had been no affection on this occasion; that Marion had been so ill as to frighten him, and that, though he had gone out of the house at the woman's bidding, he had found it impossible to leave the neighbourhood till he should have learnt something as to her condition. "Thou shalt hear all I can tell thee, my friend," said the Quaker, as they entered the house together.

Hampstead was shown into the little parlour, while the Quaker went up to inquire after the state of his daughter. "No; thou canst not well see her," said he, returning, "as she has taken herself to her bed. That she should have been excited by what passed between you is no more than natural. I cannot tell thee now when thou may'st come again; but I will write thee word from my office to-morrow." Upon this Lord Hampstead would have promised to call himself at King's Court on the next day, had not the Quaker declared himself in favour of writing rather than of speaking. The post, he said, was very punctual; and on the next evening his lordship should certainly receive tidings as to Marion.

"Of course I cannot say what we can do about Gorse Hall till I hear from Mr. Fay," said Hampstead to his sister when he reached home. "Everything must depend on Marion Fay." That his sister should have packed all her things in vain seemed to him to be nothing while Marion's health was in question; but when the Quaker's letter arrived the matter was at once settled. They would start for Gorse Hall on the following day, the Quaker's letter having been as follows:—

"MY LORD,—

"I trust I may be justified in telling thee that there is not much to ail my girl. She was up to-day, and about the house before I left her, and assured me with many protestations that I need not take any special steps for her comfort or recovery. Nor indeed could I see in her face anything which could cause me to do so. Of course I mentioned thy name to her, and it was natural that the colour should come and go over her cheeks as I did so. I think she partly told me what had passed between you two, but only in part. As to the future, when I spoke of it, she told me that there was no need of any arrangement, as everything had been said that needed speech. But I guess that such is not thy reading of the matter; and that after what has passed between thee and me I am bound to offer to thee an opportunity of seeing her again shouldst thou wish to do so. But this must not be at once. It will certainly be better for her and, may be, for thee also that she should rest awhile before she be again asked to see thee. I would suggest, therefore, that thou shouldst leave her to her own thoughts for some weeks to come. If thou wilt write to me and name a day some time early in March I will endeavour to bring her round so far as to see thee when thou comest."

"I am, my lord,

"Thy very faithful friend,

"ZACHARY FAY."

It cannot be said that Lord Hampstead was by any means satisfied with the arrangement which had been made for him, but he was forced to acknowledge to himself that he could not do better than accede to it. He could of course write to the Quaker, and write also to Marion; but he could not well show himself in Paradise Row before the time fixed, unless unexpected circumstances should arise. He did send three loving words to Marion—"his own, own, dearest Marion," and sent them under cover to her father, to whom he wrote saying that he would be guided by the Quaker's counsels. "I will write to you on the first of March," he said, "but I do trust that if in the mean time anything should happen,—if, for instance, Marion should be ill,—you will tell me at once as being one as much concerned in her health as you are yourself."

He was nervous and ill at ease, but not thoroughly unhappy. She had told him how dear he was to her, and he would not have been a man had he not been gratified. And there had been no word of objection raised on any matter beyond that one absurd objection as to which he thought himself entitled to demand that his wishes should be allowed to prevail. She had been very determined;—how absolutely determined he was not probably himself aware. She had, however, made him understand that her conviction was very strong. But this had been as to a point on which he did not doubt that he was right, and as to which her own father was altogether on his side. After hearing the strong protestation of her affection he could not think that she would be finally obdurate when the reasons for her obduracy were so utterly valueless. But still there were vague fears about her health. Why had she fainted and fallen through his arms? Whence had come that peculiar brightness of complexion which would have charmed him had it not frightened him? A dim dread of something that was not intelligible to him pervaded him, and robbed him of a portion of the triumph which had come to him from her avowal.

As the days went on at Gorse Hall his triumph became stronger than his fears, and the time did not pass unpleasantly with him. Young Lord Hautboy came to hunt with him, bringing his sister Lady Amaldina, and after a few days Vivian found them. The conduct of Lady Frances in reference to George Roden was no doubt very much blamed, but the disgrace did not loom so large in the eyes of Lady Persiflage as in those of her sister the Marchioness. Amaldina was, therefore, suffered to amuse herself, even as the guest of her wicked friend;—even though the host were himself nearly equally wicked. It suited young Hautboy very well to have free stables for his horses, and occasionally an extra amount when his own two steeds were insufficient for the necessary amount of hunting to be performed. Vivian, who had the liberal allowance of a private secretary to a Cabinet Minister to fall back upon, had three horses of his own. So that among them they got a great deal of hunting,—in which Lady Amaldina would have taken a conspicuous part had not Lord Llwdydlw entertained strong opinions as to the inexpediency of ladies riding to hounds. "He is so absurdly strict, you know," she said to Lady Frances.

"I think he is quite right," said the other. "I don't believe in girls trying to do all the things that men do."

"But what is the difference in jumping just over a hedge or two? I call it downright tyranny. Would you do anything Mr. Roden told you?"

"Anything on earth,—except jump over the hedges. But our temptations are not likely to be in that way."

"I think it very hard because I almost never see Llwdydlw."

"But you will when you are married."

"I don't believe I shall;—unless I go and look at him from behind the grating in the House of Commons. You know we have settled upon August."

"I had not heard it."

"Oh yes. I nailed him at last. But then I had to get David. You don't know David?"

"No special modern David."

"Our David is not very modern. He is Lord David Powell, and my brother that is to be. I had to persuade him to do something instead of his brother, and I had to swear that we couldn't ever be married unless he would consent. I suppose Mr. Roden could get married any day he pleased." Nevertheless Lady Amaldina was better than nobody to make the hours pass when the men were away hunting.

But at last there came a grand day on which the man of business was to come out hunting himself. Lord Llwdydlw had come into the neighbourhood, and was determined to have a day's pleasure. Gorse Hall was full, and Hautboy, though his sister was very eager in beseeching him, refused to give way to his future magnificent brother-in-law. "Do him all the good in the world," said Hautboy, "to put up at the pot-house. He'll find out all about whiskey and beer and gin, and know exactly how many beds the landlady makes up." Lord Llwdydlw, therefore, slept at a neighbouring hotel, and no doubt did turn his spare moments to some profit.

Lord Llwdydlw was a man who had always horses, though he very rarely hunted; who had guns, though he never fired them; and fishing-rods, though nobody knew where they were. He kept up a great establishment, regretting nothing in regard to it except the necessity of being sometimes present at the festivities for which it was used. On the present occasion he had been enticed into Northamptonshire no doubt with the purpose of laying some first bricks, or opening some completed institution, or eating some dinner,—on any one of which occasions he would be able to tell the neighbours something as to the constitution of their country. Then the presence of his lady love seemed to make this a fitting occasion for, perhaps, the one day's sport of the year. He came to Gorse Hall to breakfast, and then rode to the meet along with the open carriage in which the two ladies were sitting. "Llwdydlw," said his lady love, "I do hope you mean to ride."

"Being on horseback, Amy, I shall have no other alternative."

Lady Amaldina turned round to her friend, as though to ask whether she had ever seen such an absurd creature in her life. "You know what I mean by riding, Llwdydlw," she said.

"I suppose I do. You want me to break my neck."

"Oh, heavens! Indeed I don't."

"Or, perhaps, only to see me in a ditch."

"I can't have that pleasure," she said, "because you won't allow me to hunt."

"I have taken upon myself no such liberty as even to ask you not to do so. I have only suggested that tumbling into ditches, however salutary it may be for middle-aged gentlemen like myself, is not a becoming amusement for young ladies."

"Llwdydlw," said Hautboy, coming up to his future brother-in-law, "that's a tidy animal of yours."

"I don't quite know what tidy means as applied to a horse, my boy; but if it's complimentary, I am much obliged to you."

"It means that I should like to have the riding of him for the rest of the season."

"But what shall I do for myself if you take my tidy horse?"

"You'll be up in Parliament, or down at Quarter Sessions, or doing your duty somewhere like a Briton."

"I hope I may do my duty not the less because I intend to keep the tidy horse myself. When I am quite sure that I shall not want him any more, then I'll let you know."

There was the usual trotting about from covert to covert, and the usual absence of foxes. The misery of sportsmen on these days is sometimes so great that we wonder that any man having experienced the bitterness of hunting disappointment should ever go out again. On such occasions the huntsman is declared among private friends

to be of no use whatever. The master is an absolute muff. All honour as to preserving has been banished from the country. The gamekeepers destroy the foxes. The owners of coverts encourage them. "Things have come to such a pass," says Walker to Watson, "that I mean to give it up. There's no good keeping horses for this sort of thing." All this is very sad, and the only consolation comes from the evident delight of those who take pleasure in trotting about without having to incur the labour and peril of riding to hounds.

At two o'clock on this day the ladies went home, having been driven about as long as the coachmen had thought it good for their horses. The men of course went on, knowing that they could not in honour liberate themselves from the toil of the day till the last covert shall have been drawn at half-past three o'clock. It is certainly true as to hunting that there are so many hours in which the spirit is vexed by a sense of failure, that the joy when it does come should be very great to compensate the evils endured. It is not simply that foxes will not dwell in every spinney, or break as soon as found, or always run when they do break. These are the minor pangs. But when the fox is found, and will break, and does run, when the scent suffices, and the hounds do their duty, when the best country which the Shires afford is open to you, when your best horse is under you, when your nerves are even somewhat above the usual mark,—even then there is so much of failure! You are on the wrong side of the wood, and getting a bad start are never with them for a yard; or your horse, good as he is, won't have that bit of water; or you lose your stirrup-leather, or your way; or you don't see the hounds turn, and you go astray with others as blind as yourself; or, perhaps, when there comes the run of the season, on that very day you have taken a liberty with your chosen employment, and have lain in bed. Look back upon your hunting lives, brother sportsmen, and think how few and how far between the perfect days have been.

In spite of all that was undergone this was one of those perfect days to those who had the pleasure afterwards of remembering it. "Taking it all in all, I think that Lord Lwddythlw had the best of it from first to last," said Vivian, when they were again talking of it in the drawing-room after they had come in from their wine.

"To think that you should be such a hero!" said Lady Amaldina much gratified. "I didn't believe you would take so much trouble about such a thing."

"It was what Hautboy called the tidiness of the horse."

"By George, yes; I wish you'd lend him to me. I got my brute in between two rails, and it took me half-an-hour to smash a way through. I never saw anything of it after that." Poor Hautboy almost cried as he gave this account of his own misfortune.

"You were the only fellow I saw try them after Crasher," said Vivian. "Crasher came on his head, and I should think he must be there still. I don't know where Hampstead got through."

"I never know where I've been," said Hampstead, who had, in truth, led the way over the double rails which had so confounded Crasher and had so perplexed Hautboy. — But when a man is too forward to be seen, he is always supposed to be somewhere behind.

Then there was an opinion expressed by Walker that Tolleyboy, the huntsman, had on that special occasion stuck very well to his hounds, to which Watson gave his cordial assent. Walker and Watson had both been asked to dinner, and during the day had been heard to express to each other all that adverse criticism as to the affairs of the hunt in general which appeared a few lines back. Walker and Watson were very good fellows, popular in the hunt, and of all men the most unlikely to give it up.

When that run was talked about afterwards, as it often was, it was always admitted that Lord Lwddythlw had been the hero of the day. But no one ever heard him talk of it. Such a trifle was altogether beneath his notice.

CHAPTER XL.

POOR WALKER

THAT famous run took place towards the end of February, at which time Hampstead was counting all the hours till he should again be allowed to show himself in Paradise Row. He had in the mean time written one little letter to the Quaker's daughter:—

"DEAREST MARION,—I only write because I cannot keep myself quiet without telling you how well I love you. Pray do not believe that because I am away I think of you less. I am to see you, I hope, on Monday, the 2nd of March. If you would write me but one word to say that you will be glad to see me!

"Always your own,
"H."

She showed this to her father, and the sly old Quaker told her that it would not be courteous in her not to send some word of reply. As the young lord, he said, had been permitted by him, her father, to pay his addresses to her, so much was due to him. Why should his girl lose this grand match? Why should his daughter not become a happy and a glorious wife, seeing that her beauty and her grace had entirely won this young lord's heart? "MY LORD," she wrote back to him,—"I shall be happy to see you when you come, whatever day may suit you. But, alas! I can only say what I have said.—Yet I am thine, MARION." She had intended not to be tender, and yet she had thought herself bound to tell him that all that she had said before was true.

It was after this that Lord Lwddythlw distinguished himself, so much so that Walker and Watson did nothing but talk about him all the next day. "It's those quiet fellows that make the best finish after all!" said Walker, who had managed to get altogether to the bottom of his horse during the run, and had hardly seen the end of it quite as a man wishes to see it.

The day but one after this, the last Friday in February, was to be the last of Hampstead's hunting, at any rate until after his proposed visit to Holloway. He, and Lady Frances with him, intended to return to London on the next day, and then, as far as he was concerned, the future loomed before him as a great doubt. Had Marion been the highest lady in the land, and had he from his position and rank been hardly entitled to ask for her love, he could not have been more anxious, more thoughtful, or occasionally more down-hearted. But this latter feeling would give way to joy when he remembered the words with which she had declared her love. No assurance could have been more perfect, or more devoted. She had cooed him nothing as far as words were concerned, and he never for a moment doubted but that her full words had come from a full heart. "But, alas! I can only say what I have said." That of course had been intended to remove all hope. But if she loved him as she said she did, would he not be able to teach her that everything should be made to give way to love? It was thus that his mind was filled, as day after day he prepared himself for his hunting, and day after day did his best in keeping to the hounds.

Then came that last day in February as to which all those around him expressed themselves to be full of hope. Gimberley Green was certainly the most popular meet in the country, and at Gimberley Green the hounds were to meet on this occasion. It was known that men were coming from the Pytchley and the Cottesmore, so that everybody was supposed to be anxious to do his best. Hautboy was very much on the alert, and had succeeded in borrowing for the occasion Hampstead's best horse. Even Vivian, who was not given to much outward enthusiasm, had had consultations with his groom as to which of two he had better ride first. Sometimes

there does come a day on which rivalry seems to be especially keen, when a sense of striving to excel and going ahead of others seems to instigate minds which are not always ambitious. Watson and Walker were on this occasion very much exercised, and had in the sweet confidences of close friendship agreed with themselves that certain heroes who were coming from one of the neighbouring hunts should not be allowed to carry off the honours of the day.

On this occasion they both breakfasted at Gorse Hall, which was not uncommon with them, as the hotel,—or pothouse, as Hautboy called it,—was hardly more than a hundred yards distant. Walker was peculiarly exuberant, and had not been long in the house before he confided to Hautboy in a whisper their joint intention that "those fellows" were not to be allowed to have it all their own way. "Suppose you don't find, after all, Mr. Walker," said Lady Amaldina, as the gentlemen got up from breakfast, and loaded themselves with sandwiches, cigar-cases, and sherry-flasks.

"I won't believe anything so horrible," said Walker.

"I should cut the concern," said Watson, "and take to tagging in Surrey." This was supposed to be the bitterest piece of satire that could be uttered in regard to the halcyon country in which their operations were carried on.

"Tolleyboy will see to that," said Walker. "We haven't had a blank yet, and I don't think he'll disgrace himself on such a day as this." Then they all started, in great glee, on their hacks, their hunters having been already sent on to Gimberley Green.

The main part of the story of that day's sport, as far as we are concerned with it, got itself told so early in the day that readers need not be kept long waiting for the details. Tolleyboy soon relieved these impetuous riders from all dangers as to a blank. At the first covert drawn a fox was found immediately, and without any of those delays, so perplexing to some and so comforting to others, made away for some distant home of his own. It is, perhaps, on such occasions as these that riders are subjected to the worst perils of the hunting field. There comes a sudden rush, when men have not cooled themselves down by the process of riding here and there and going through the usual preliminary paces to a run. They are collected in crowds, and the horses are more impatient even than their riders. No one on that occasion could have been more impatient than Walker,—unless it was the steed upon which Walker was mounted. There was a crowd of men standing in a lane at the corner of the covert,—of men who had only that moment reached the spot,—when at about thirty yards from them a fox crossed the lane, and two or three leading hounds close at his brush. One or two of the strangers from the enemy's country occupied a position close to, or rather in the very entrance of, a little hunting gate which led out of the lane into the field opposite. Between the lane and the field there was a fence which was not "rideable!" As is the custom with lanes, the roadway had been so cut down that there was a bank altogether precipitous about three feet high, and on that a hedge of trees and stakes and roots which had also been cut almost into the consistency of a wall. The gate was the only place,—into which these enemies had thrust themselves, and in the possession of which they did not choose to hurry themselves, asserting as they kept their places that it would be well to give the fox a minute. The assertion in the interests of hunting might have been true. A sportsman who could at such a moment have kept his blood perfectly cool, might have remembered his duties well enough to have abstained from pressing into the field in order that the fox might have his fair chance. Hampstead, however, who was next to the enemies, was not that cool hero, and bade the strangers move on, not failing to thrust his horse against their horses. Next to him, and a little to the left, was the unfortunate Walker. To his patriotic spirit it was intolerable that any stranger should be in that field before one of their own hunt. What he himself attempted, what he wished to do, or whether any clear intention was formed in his mind, no one ever knew. But to the astonishment of all who saw it the horse got himself half-turned round towards the fence, and attempted to take it in a stand. The eager animal did get himself up amidst the thick wood on the top of the bank, and then fell headlong over, having entangled his feet among the boughs. Had his rider sat loosely he would probably have got clear of his horse. But as it was they came down together, and unfortunately the horse was uppermost. Just as it happened Lord Hampstead made his way through the gate, and was the first who dismounted to give assistance to his friend. In two or three minutes there was a crowd round, with a doctor in the midst of it, and a rumour was going about that the man had been killed. In the mean time the enemies were riding well to the hounds, with Tolleyboy but a few yards behind them, Tolleyboy having judiciously remembered a spot at which he could make his way out of the covert into field without either passing through the gate or over the fence.

The reader may as well know at once that Walker was not killed. He was not killed, though he was so crushed and mauled with broken ribs and collar-bone, so knocked out of breath and stunned and mangled and squeezed, so pummelled and pounded and generally misused, that he did not come to himself for many hours, and could never after remember anything of that day's performances after eating his breakfast at Gorse Hall. It was a week before tidings went through the Shires that he was likely to live at all, and even then it was asserted that he had been so altogether smashed that he would never again use any of his limbs. On the morning after the hunt his widowed mother and only sister were down with him at the hotel, and there they remained till they were able to carry him away to his own house. "Won't I?" was almost the first intelligible word he said when his mother suggested to him, her only son, that now at least he would promise to abandon that desperate amusement, and would never go hunting any more. It may be said in praise of British surgery generally that Walker was out again on the first of the following November.

But Walker with his misfortunes and his heroism and his recovery would have been nothing to us had it been known from the first to all the field that Walker had been the victim. The accident happened between eleven and twelve,—probably not much before twelve. But the tidings of it were sent up by telegraph from some neighbouring station to London in time to be inserted in one of the afternoon newspapers of that day; and the tidings as sent informed the public that Lord Hampstead while hunting that morning had fallen with his horse at the corner of Gimberley Green, that the animal had fallen on him,—and that he had been crushed to death. Had the false information been given in regard to Walker it might probably have excited so little attention that the world would have known nothing about it till it learned that the poor fellow had not been killed. But, having been given as to a young nobleman, everybody had heard of it before dinner time that evening. Lord Persiflage knew it in the House of Lords, and Lord Lwddythlw had heard it in the House of Commons. There was not a club which had not declared poor Hampstead to be an excellent fellow, although he was a little mad. The Montessors had already congratulated themselves on the good fortune of little Lord Frederic; and the speedy death of the Marquis was prophesied, as men and women were quite sure that he would not be able in his present condition to bear the loss of his eldest son. The news was telegraphed down to Trafford Park by the family lawyer,—with an intimation, however, that, as the accident had been so recent, no absolute credence should yet be given as to its fatal result. "Bad fall probably," said the lawyer in his telegram, "but I don't believe the rest. Will send again when I hear the truth." At nine o'clock that evening the truth was known in London, and before midnight the poor Marquis had been relieved from his terrible affliction. But for three hours it had been supposed at Trafford Park that Lord

Frederic had become the heir to his father's title and his father's property.

Close inquiry was afterwards made as to the person by whom this false intelligence had been sent to the newspaper, but nothing certain was ever asserted respecting it. That a general rumour had prevailed for a time among many who were out that Lord Hampstead had been the victim, was found to have been the case. He had been congratulated by scores of men who had heard that he had fallen. When Tolleyboy was breaking up the fox, and wondering why so few men had ridden through the hunt with him, he was told that Lord Hampstead had been killed, and had dropped his bloody knife out of his hands. But no one would own as to having sent the telegram. Suspicion attached itself to an attorney from Kettering who had been seen in the early part of the day, but it could not be traced home to him. Official inquiry was made; but as it was not known who sent the message, or to what address, or from what post town, or even the wording of the message, official information was not forthcoming. It is probable that Sir Boreas at the Post Office did not think it proper to tell everybody all that he knew. It was admitted that a great injury had been done to the poor Marquis, but it was argued on the other side that the injury had been quickly removed.

There had, however, been three or four hours at Trafford Park, during which feelings had been excited which afterwards gave rise to bitter disappointment. The message had come to Mr. Greenwood, of whose estrangement from the family the London solicitor had not been as yet made aware. He had been forced to send the tidings into the sick man's room by Harris, the butler, but he had himself carried it up to the Marchioness. "I am obliged to come," he said, as though apologising when she looked at him with angry eyes because of his intrusion. "There has been an accident." He was standing, as he always stood, with his hands hanging down by his side. But there was a painful look in his eyes more than she had usually read there.

"What accident—what accident, Mr. Greenwood? Why do you not tell me?" Her heart ran away at once to the little beds in which her darlings were already lying in the very next room.

"It is a telegram from London."

From London—a telegram! Then her boys were safe. "Why do you not tell me instead of standing there?"

"Lord Hampstead—"

"Lord Hampstead! What has he done? Is he married?"

"He will never be married." Then she shook in every limb, and clenched her hands, and stood with open mouth, not daring to question him. "He has had a fall, Lady Kingsbury."

"A fall!"

"The horse has crushed him."

"Crushed him!"

"I used to say it would be so, you know. And now it has come to pass."

"Is he—?"

"Dead? Yes, Lady Kingsbury, he is—dead." Then he gave her the telegram to read. She struggled to read it, but the words were too vague; or her eyes too dim. "Harris has gone in with the tidings. I had better read the telegram, I suppose, but I thought you'd like to see it. I told you how it would be, Lady Kingsbury; and now it has come to pass." He remained standing a minute or two longer, but as she sat hiding her face, and unable to speak, he left the room without absolutely asking her to thank him for his news.

As soon as he was gone she crept slowly into the room in which her three boys were sleeping. A door from her own chamber opened into it, and then another into that in which one of the nurses slept. She leaned over them and kissed them all; but she knelt at that on which Lord Frederic lay, and woke him with her warm embraces. "Oh, mamma, don't," said the boy. Then he shook himself, and sat up in his bed. "Mamma, when is Jack coming?" he said. Let her train them as she would, they would always ask for Jack. "Go to sleep, my darling, my darling, my darling!" she said, kissing him again and again. "Trafford," she said, whispering to herself, as she went back to her own room, trying the sound of the title he would have to use. It had been all arranged in her own mind how it was to be, if such a thing should happen.

"Go down," she said to her maid soon afterwards, "and ask Mrs. Crawley whether her Lordship would wish to see me." Mrs. Crawley was the nurse. But the maid brought back word that "My Lord" did not wish to see "My Lady." For three hours he lay stupefied in his sorrow; and for three hours she sat alone, almost in the dark. We may doubt whether it was all triumph. Her darling had got what she believed to be his due; but the memory that she had longed for it—almost prayed for it—must have dulled her joy.

There was no such regret with Mr. Greenwood. It seemed to him that Fortune, Fate, Providence, or what not, had only done its duty. He believed that he had in truth foreseen and foretold the death of the pernicious young man. But would the young man's death be now of any service to him? Was it not too late? Had they not all quarrelled with him? Nevertheless he had been avenged.

So it was at Trafford Park in three hours. Then there came a postboy galloping on horseback, and the truth was known. Lady Kingsbury went again to her children, but this time she did not kiss them. A gleam of glory had come there and had passed away;—but yet there was something of relief.

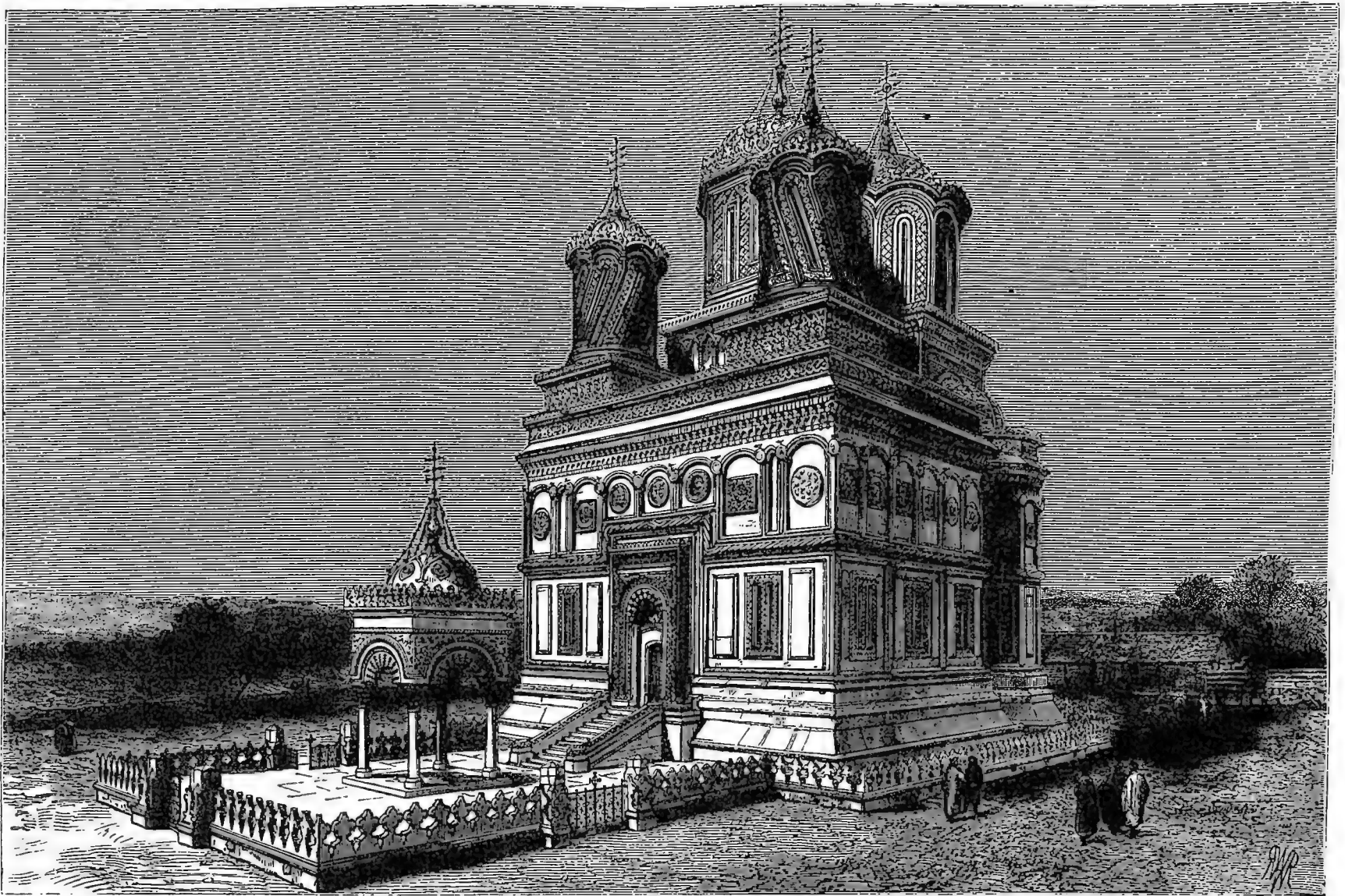
Why had he allowed himself to be so cowed on that morning? That was Mr. Greenwood's thought.

The poor Marquis fell into a slumber almost immediately, and on the next morning had almost forgotten that the first telegram had come.

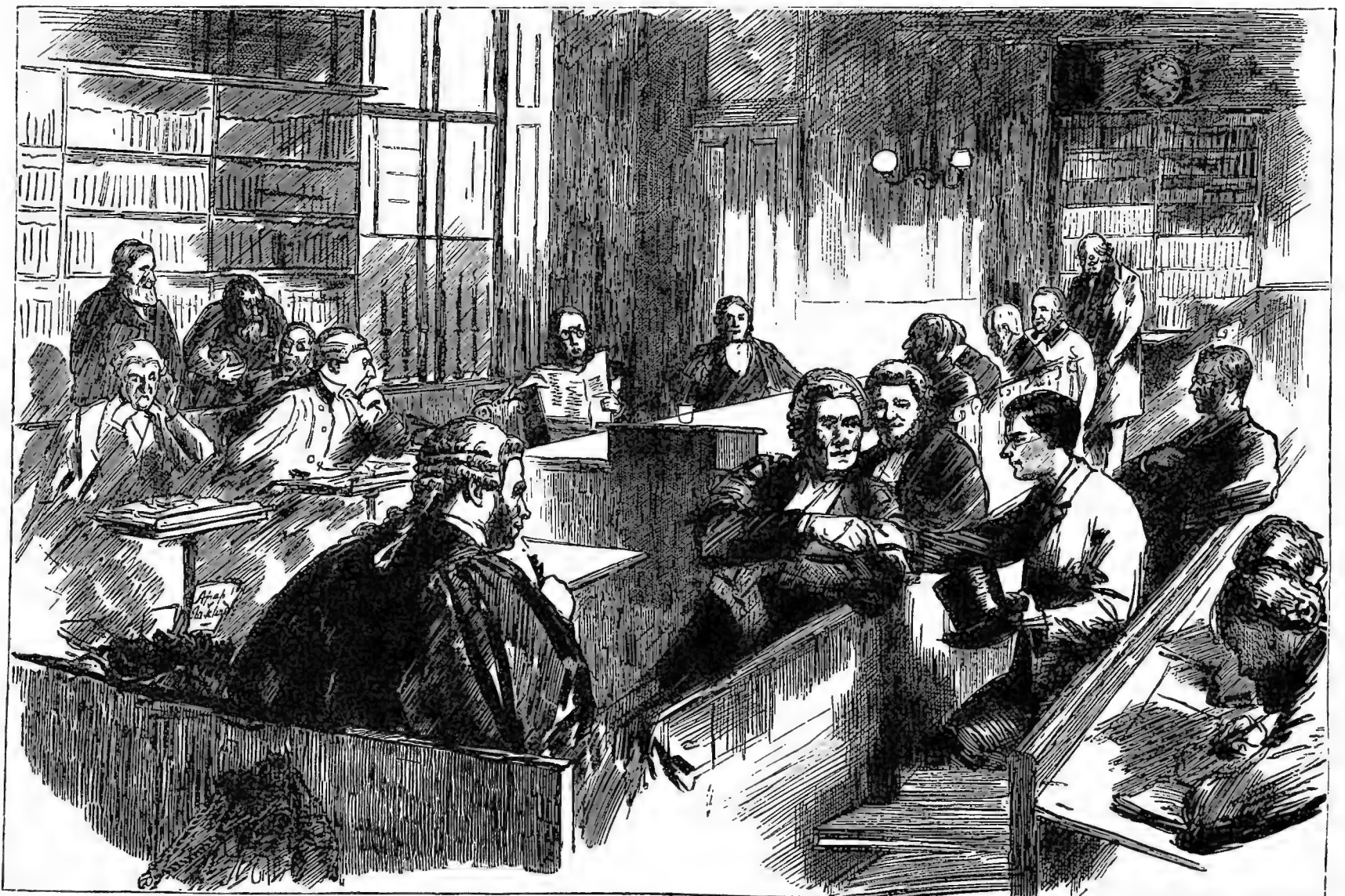
(To be continued).



MR. STEVENSON has been described as one of the best of our younger essayists. The criticism is scarcely just; for whilst it is certain that none of the younger writers approach him either in charm or truth, it is demonstrable that older hands in goodly numbers are fairly distanced by him in the literary race. The truth is that among modern writers he stands alone, we will not say on the highest pinnacle, but still entirely by himself; partly because of his original personality and his grace of thought and feeling, but chiefly, we think, because he is unaffected, human. His last book is one that puts the reader severely on his mettle. Its range is wide: Hugo's Romances, Charles of Orleans, and François Villon—"student, poet, and housebreaker"—Burns and Knox, Thoreau and Walt Whitman, Joshida-Torajiro and Samuel Pepys. Mr. Stevenson calls his essays "Familiar Studies of Men and Books" (Chatto and Windus), and in one sense they are familiar; but they are very deep and pithy, very bright, logical, and incisive; they display wide reading well digested, and an uncommon grasp and insight. The paper on Hugo's Romances is an early work, and the least pleasant and effective in the book; that on Burns, to our mind, is perfectly just, though many people won't like it, because it removes the poet—or rather the man—from the heroic pedestal he has long occupied in popular estimation. Walt Whitman has quite a new face for us in these pages; and the study is a good instance of the author's complete innocence of anything like cant.



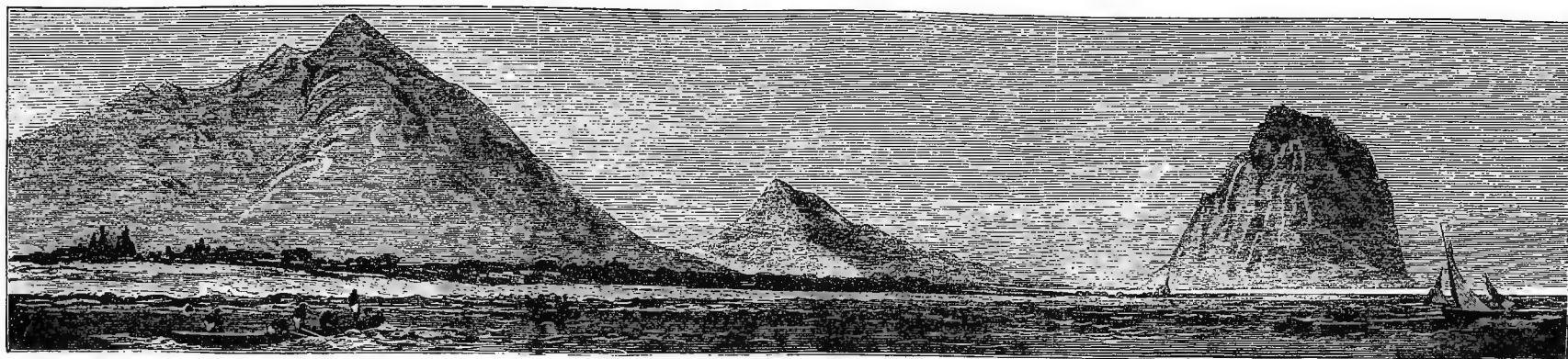
THE CATHEDRAL AT ARGES



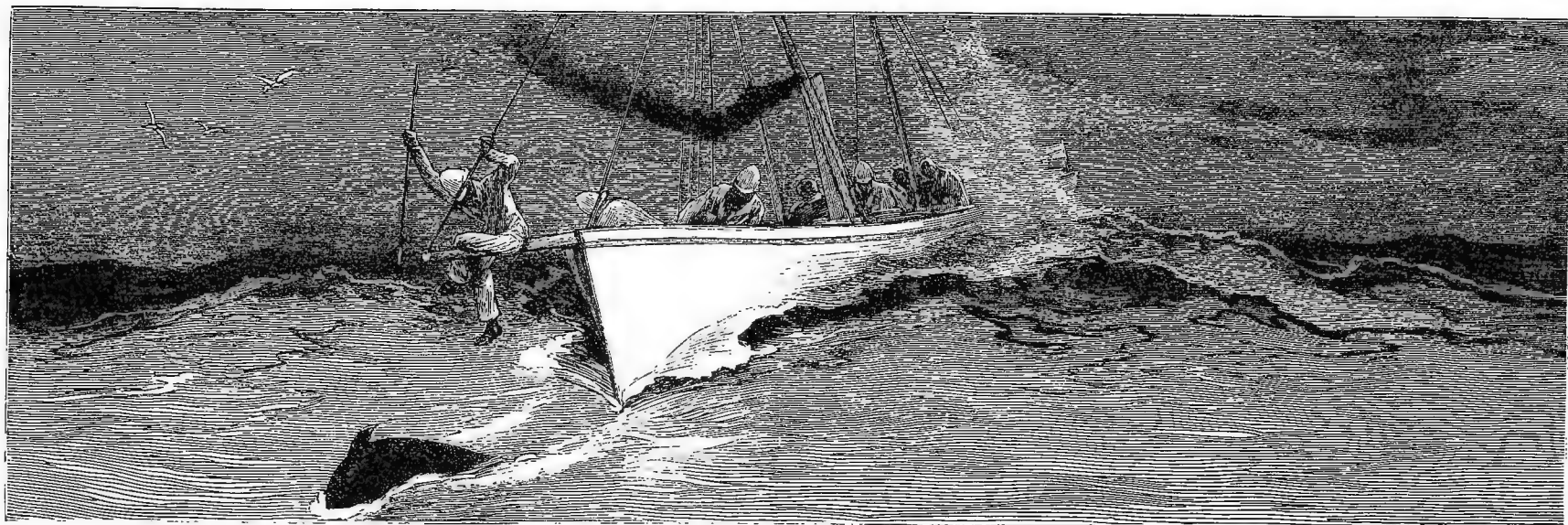
"LET THOSE LAUGH WHO WIN"—THE PRIVY COUNCIL AS A COURT OF APPEAL



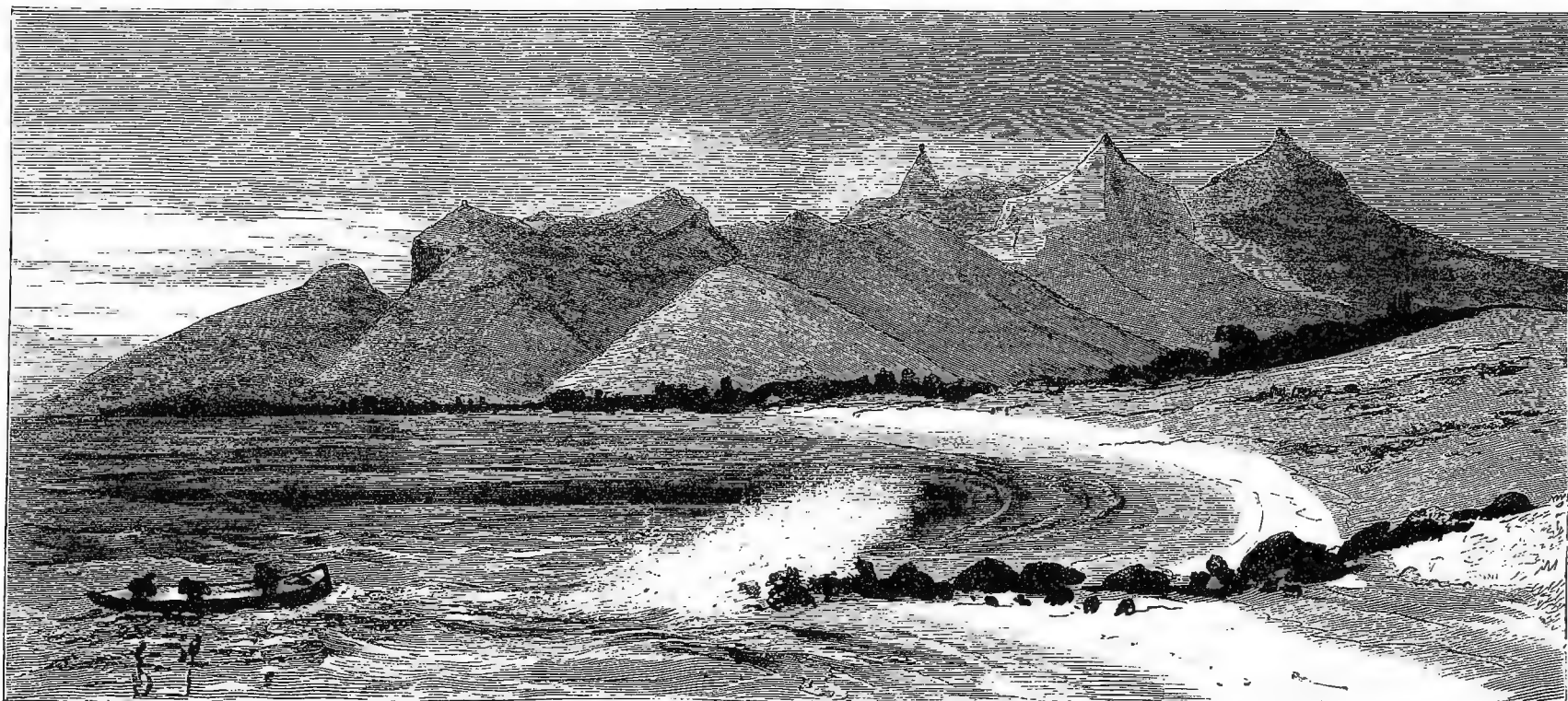
"TYPE OF BEAUTY," VIII.—By HENRI LÉVY, *Chevalier of the Legion of Honour*
FROM THE PICTURE EXHIBITED AT THE GRAPHIC GALLERY



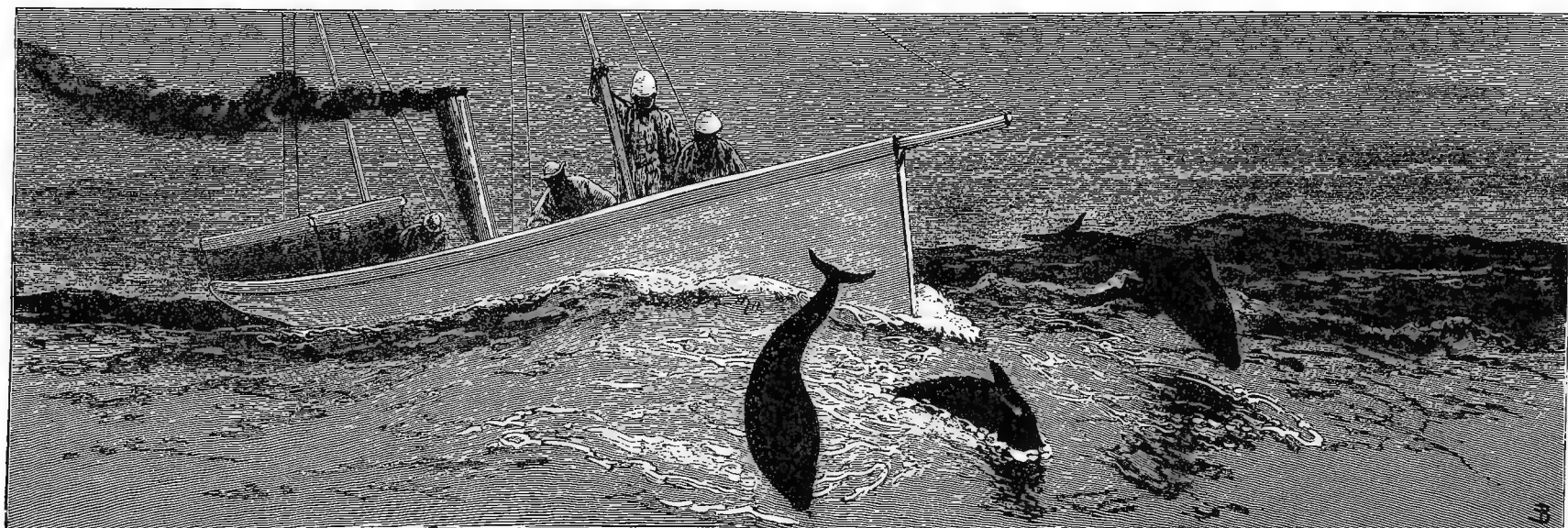
TAMARIND BAY, WITH THE "MORNE" ROCK, ONCE THE HIDING-PLACE OF RUNAWAY SLAVES



HARPOONING A PORPOISE



THE COAST OFF BLACK RIVER: PIETER BOTTE IN THE DISTANCE



PORPOISES PLAYING UNDER THE BOW OF THE "NINA"

We are not ashamed to say that after this essay we shall read Whitman again, and we recommend others to do the same. David Thoreau, too, with his narrow intensity, eccentricity, and independent strength is admirably focussed; whilst the sketch of Pepps is not only fascinating and full of charm, but a work of true art into the bargain. For clearness and poignancy the paper on Villon is perhaps the most noteworthy. It is like a first-rate etching; and, after the leaden dulness of Mr. John Payne, affects one like fresh air and sunshine. Yet the picture is terribly dark and true. We have not space to deal with the book as it deserves; we might write a column about each of the essays, indeed, for they not only entertain with their delightful individuality, but they stimulate thought and feeling, as, alas, very few modern books can. One suggestion: the preface, which is a sort of critical commentary on the essays, and an essay in itself, should have been placed at the end instead of the beginning of the volume. It should certainly be read last.

Mr. Walter H. Perry's "Greek and Roman Sculpture" (Longmans) is, properly speaking, a piece of bookmaking; but it is bookmaking of the right and useful sort; honest, clear, careful, thorough, and intelligent. Winckelmann, Oberbeck, and other German writers seem to have been drawn upon; and there is comparatively little original matter contributed by the author; but, as far as it goes, it is exhaustive; correct in fact, and unexceptionable in inference; and nothing that could be considered necessary is omitted. As a general introduction to a great subject it can hardly be too highly praised; for it is the best and least pretentious book in its particular way in the language. It is so full, indeed, that the student will find it useful. It is crammed with illustrations, which, however, we cannot heartily commend. As memoranda they undoubtedly increase the value of the book; but they are not suggestive enough to be called good.

Three gaudily-covered volumes, published by Dean and Son, are likely to be popular. Two of them, "The Victoria Cross in Afghanistan" and "Daring Deeds Afloat," are from the pen of Major W. J. Elliott, whilst the third, "Gallant Sepoys and Sowars," is by Major Elliott and Lieut.-Col. Knollys. The first of these little books is really a faithful, but at the same time picturesque, account of several stirring episodes in the recent struggle beyond the North-West frontier of our Indian Empire. The narrative is founded upon official reports, but for all that is of a thrilling and thoroughly entertaining nature—as indeed it could scarcely fail to be. "Gallant Sepoys" deals with incidents of the Indian Mutiny; and forcibly illustrates the existence amongst our swarthy warriors of a spirit of heroism and courageous devotion which equals, if it does not surpass, the same qualities in the British soldier. The remaining book deals with such absorbing national traditions as Admiral Benbow's famous action, the mutiny on board the *Hermione*, and the defence of the Diamond Rock. All three productions are worth reading, even though some of their contents can hardly be called new, and they will certainly be popular.

"Dramatic Notes" (Bogue) this year fully maintains its character for interest and completeness within its limits. The illustrations are again from the pencil of Mr. T. Walter Wilson, and are remarkable for combined veracity and grace. But it is worth noting that the artist's work has been reproduced by Le Moussu's process, which shows to unusual advantage—perhaps because of the clever draughtsmanship that characterises the designs. This is the first instance we have met with of a "process" dealing with really first-rate drawings. The letterpress might be a little more critical than it is.

"China Painting," by Walter Harvey (L. Upcott Gill), is a useful, sensible, and very thorough introduction to the principles and practice of a charming art which we suppose is every day becoming not only more fashionable with amateurs, but more intelligently practised as one of the higher industries. The little book is unpretending; but it is full of valuable teaching, such as many people, we imagine, will be glad to find available. For its size it is the best guide to the subject that we have met with.

A "Dictionary of Universal Information" is pretty certain in the nature of things to prove a delusion and a snare, particularly when it happens to consist of one volume only, even though that single tome may be uncomfortably bulky. This objection obviously applies to most books of the class we refer to; and "Beeton's Dictionary of Universal Information" (Ward and Lock) can scarcely be excepted from it. It undoubtedly contains a vast mass of condensed and in some respects valuable information; but it is not complete. For instance, recent affairs in Ireland naturally affect the mind with some degree of clinging pertinacity; and we accordingly look for "Boycott," but find the name conspicuous by its absence. Now this word and its developments are to be found in most of the numerous new dictionaries, and new editions of old ones that have recently appeared; and therefore we can hardly admit that the work before us, as it professes to be, brought up to the "latest date." The instance is perhaps a minor one, but Boycott will always be historical, and for that reason should certainly not have been omitted. If space permitted we could mention other points which have struck us in the course of perusal; but, with these reservations, we may say that the work is no worse, and no better, than others of its kind.

It would be difficult to name any point of interest in City matters particulars of which could not be found in Messrs. W. H. and L. Collingridge's "City of London Directory for 1882." Besides the ordinary matter in such works, this volume contains a complete account of the Livery Companies, list of liverymen who have votes for the City, particulars of all City schools, Clubs, Charities, and Institutions, and a complete index to all bankrupts and liquidators during 1881, besides much else. An excellent map coloured to show ward and parish boundaries accompanies the volume, which is well and handsomely bound.

THE CATHEDRAL OF ARGES

A ROUMANIAN LEGEND

THE following legend is found among the folk-lore of several of the smaller nationalities in South-Eastern Europe; but although the general outlines of these old tales resemble each other rather closely, there are peculiarities belonging to each of the versions which possesses special interest as illustrations of national methods of reasoning, customs, and superstitions.

Although the adjoining States have similar legends relating to the construction of religious edifices within their borders, none of them possess a structure than can even approach the exquisite beauty and peculiar originality of design which characterise the famous Cathedral of Arges, in Roumania. Whoever sojourns in Bucharest without visiting this unique specimen of Byzantine architecture misses the finest structure in South-Eastern Europe.

The Cathedral, built in the thirteenth century, is constructed entirely of stone, and the peculiar design, together with the exquisite workmanship, displayed in the most intricate style of ornamentation, render it worthy of a minute examination. It has recently been carefully restored by a French architect, and this fact will explain the clear cut lines seen in our illustration of this little known, but rare old work of ancient architecture.

"Six hundred years ago, Radu Negri (Rudolph the Black), the founder of the Principality of Wallachia, was—says the legend—on the bank of the river Arges with a numerous and brilliant retinue; in his train were nine master masons of high renown, under the

leadership of Manoli, whose fame extended far and near as the most cunning workman in the land.

"Radu and his Court were on a pilgrimage, undertaken for the selection of a site for a cathedral which had been miraculously suggested to Radu in a vision. At a turn in the road they came upon a shepherd, who was singing the *doinas* (national laments) of Roumania. 'Gentle shepherd,' said Radu, 'hast thou not seen, near this sylvan spot, the commencement of a wall concealed beneath the foliage of walnut trees?'

"'Yes, Prince,' replied he, 'I have found the wall, and on seeing it my dogs gave a death-howl.'

"Calling Manoli and his brother craftsmen, the Prince said to them: 'You must build here, on the spot pointed out by this shepherd, a church which never had, and never can have, an equal. Fulfil my wishes, and you shall have land, wealth, and noble rank at my Court. If you fail, I swear that you shall be walled up living in the structure, which more able hands than yours will then undertake.'

"Confident in their unequalled skill the craftsmen had no fear of disappointment. At the end of the first day's labours they congratulated themselves on the capital commencement they had made.

"With the first rays of the morning sun they repaired to their work, when, behold! all that they had accomplished lay in ruins before them. Spurred by the thoughts of the Prince's words, they began anew, trembling as they worked, and working as they trembled.

"The next morning there was naught to be seen again but the ruins of their preceding day's labour.

"Again they recommenced their task, but the hopes of reward had now been replaced by the dread of punishment.

"Four mornings in succession did they find their work in ruins. The fourth night Manoli dreamed that a terrible voice said to him: 'All your labours will end in naught until you encase within the wall the living form of the first woman, wife or sister, who comes to bring your food with the morning sun!'

"The prospect of riches and glory was too strong for them, and they mutually swore to obey the mysterious communication made in Manoli's dream.

"On the fifth morning Manoli arose anxious and despondent; a presentiment seized him that his young, beautiful, devoted, and dearly-loved wife would be the first to come, as her fond heart would prompt her to outstrip the others in ministering to the hunger of her beloved lord and master.

"Sophistry came with her insidious suggestions; he tried to assure himself that, if his worst apprehensions were realised, he had no right to permit the single life of one woman, even if she was his wife, to send ten men to disgrace and death; besides, it was a holy edifice they were at work upon, and surely, in a sacred cause, human life should not weigh for a moment in the balance? Was it not humane to ransom ten lives with one? In fact, Manoli soon began to assume, in his own eyes, the most heroic proportions.

"Nevertheless, in spite of his reasonings with himself, Manoli anxiously mounted the highest scaffolding, and gazed over the plain. In the distance there was a moving speck; it was approaching; soon a woman's form could be distinguished, bearing a basket of provisions. In the light springing step and graceful figure, Manoli recognised Flora, his beautiful wife. His sophistries vanished, and kneeling, he besought the good God 'To open the cataracts of heaven!' 'Cast upon the earth the foaming waters! Transform the rivulets to torrents, and the plain to a lake!'

"'Oh! Seigneur Miséricordieux, prevent my wife from coming to me!'

"Heaven had pity upon Manoli; clouds covered the sky, foaming rain descended in torrents, but Flora, thinking her husband was waiting for her, hastened on—in spite of rivulets in rivers, and the plain like a lake, she came on.

"'Oh, mon Dieu!' cried Manoli, 'let loose a wind which will twist and uproot the forest, overturn the mountains, and force my wife to turn back!'

"The wind howled, and uprooted the forest, and overturned the mountains, but Flora, strong in her wifely devotion, hastened on, and at last reached the fatal spot.

"The nine brother masons of Manoli claimed the fulfilment of his oath.

"Taking Flora in his arms, the latter said, 'We wish to amuse ourselves, and pretend to build you up in the wall. I shall place you there, and you must remain quiet, as no harm will come to you.'

"Flora loved Manoli, and smilingly consented.

"The wall mounted to her knees, and still they worked on! Frightened at last, she cried, 'Oh, Manoli! Cease thy cruel sport—the wall is breaking my bones!' The wall mounted to her waist, and she cried again—'Manoli! Oh, Manoli! stop thy work! I shall soon not be able to see thee! I love thee, Manoli, and cannot live without seeing thee!'

"The wall mounted faster and faster. Manoli tried to comfort himself with the thought that he would soon cease to hear her plaintive voice. We care little for sufferings which do not occur under our immediate observation.

"At last Flora disappeared from view, and her wailing voice could scarcely be heard murmuring, 'Manoli! dear Manoli! the wall is crushing out my life!'

"It was a very beautiful day in autumn when Radu, the Black Prince of Wallachia, came to repeat his prayers in the beautiful new Cathedral of Arges.

"Swollen with pride, Manoli and his brother masons were standing on the scaffolding where they had just completed the very last touch upon the wondrously wrought structure.

"'Tell me,' said Radu, 'would it be possible for you to build a yet more gorgeous Cathedral than this?'

"In their pompous folly and blind conceit, the masons replied,

"'Be it known, O Prince, that we are here ten master masons, whose science and art are unequalled in the wide world. We could, most certainly, create an edifice still more grand and beautiful than the one we have constructed for your Highness on the banks of the Arges.'

"With a sinister smile the Prince turned away, telling them to wait there on the scaffolding until he completed his inspection, when he would return and announce the rewards he had in store for them.

"At a sign from the Prince, his attendants cast down the scaffolding, and nine of the masons fell to the earth, where they were transformed into stones. Manoli caught upon a cornice, and was descending safely to the ground, when he heard a faint voice murmuring, 'Manoli, dear Manoli! the cold wall crushes me! my bones are breaking, and my life is passing away!'

"At the sound of that voice Manoli felt his heart grow cold within his breast; his eyes were dim, and his hand loosening its grasp, he dropped lifeless to the earth. A beautiful fountain gushed forth from the spot where he fell, whose waters, though bright and clear to the eye, were salt and bitter to the taste, like the tears shed by the hapless Flora, in the sacrifice to human ambition, which resulted in a wondrously beautiful cathedral, but was fruitless to her Manoli and his companions."

To this day the peasants in the Arges district of Roumania believe that they hear at times the plaintive wailing of Manoli's wife proceeding from the venerable walls of the wonderfully preserved Cathedral.

A superstition also prevails in the kingdom to the effect that no monument of human constructive skill can be completed without the

sacrifice of a human life—this universal victim is known by the generic term *Stahid*. Masons to this day take the measure with a reed of the shadow of some person passing their work, and then deposit the reed in the foundations of the structure, with the half-formed conviction that this individual is a necessary victim, and that his death will follow within forty days after his shadow has been measured in this quaint manner.

This intensely interesting legend is graphically illustrative of human passions and ambition. The man, inflexibly pursuing his purpose, inspired by vanity and egotism; woman, subjecting her reason to the tenderness of her affections, lends herself, without questioning, to the fantasy of him she loved. She died without hesitation, without denunciation of the husband who sacrificed her: but she was more powerful for the punishment of the egotist by her feeble plaintiveness than any well-merited maledictions could have been.

There is a delicacy of sentiment pervading this old tale of the early times in Roumania, which contrasts powerfully with the tragic action and *dénouement*.

The old thirteenth-century poet, who recited the story of Flora's devotion, and the ambition of the ten master masons, would have held his own had he lived even in our own richly endowed and hypercritical age of literature.

EDWARD MAXWELL GRANT



"POOR ARCHIE'S GIRLS," by Kathleen Knox (3 vols. : Smith, Elder, and Co.), is distinguished by an unusual amount of power displayed—we may almost say wasted—upon a singularly disagreeable and unnatural story. Indeed, few incidents more simply repulsive could be invented than the voluntary marriage of the pure-hearted and innocent Mildmay Grant with the brutal savage, whom no woman, not herself utterly degraded, could have dreamed of enduring. The plot turns upon a conspiracy, between her sister and the scarcely human creature who becomes her husband, to part her from her true lover by an accusation that she, a lady by nature as well as by position, and the man, whom she had not then married, are the mother and father of the latter's niece—a relationship which opens up another story of a singularly unpleasant kind. The family of the Roys into which Mildmay marries is scarcely above the level of the savages described in one of Mr. Blackmore's best-known novels, so that the impossibility of her relations with it might very reasonably have induced Miss Knox to leave them alone. The true lover's revenge, by marrying the treacherous sister in order to disgrace and discard her on her wedding day, is certainly effective in a coarsely melodramatic style, and is in complete keeping with the general atmosphere of the novel. The best points of "Poor Archie's Girls" consists in its many excellent touches of human nature, expressed with characteristic Scotch humour, wherever the principal characters are not concerned. But both strength and humour are insufficient to contend with a plot, the invention of which must surely have given Miss Knox as little pleasure as it will give to any but the most eccentric minority of readers.

Power is the last quality that can be thought of in connection with "It Is No Wonder; a Story of Bohemian Life," by J. Fitzgerald Molloy (3 vols. : Hurst and Blackett). Had it been stronger, this novel also might have deserved to be called disagreeable. On the other hand, there may be many readers who will see great romantic and poetical beauty in the death of two lovers in each others' arms. We are not among the admirers of this sort of business, especially when treated in the mawkish and maudlin manner of Mr. Molloy, but his is a ladylike pen, which gushes innocently. It also gushes, as well as attempts to jest, dully. Perhaps the Bohemia of artist-life has been rather worn out by now: more than possibly, it never existed with reality enough to bear for ever reproduction from generation to generation of novelists which it has undergone. The real Bohemia of London—not of Thackeray's days, but of ours—has never been painted by any hand, and is not perhaps particularly worthy the painting. Mr. Molloy has been content to follow in the old lines, and makes a gentle echo of the popular anti-aesthetic satire, and familiar allusion to real places and people, do duty for realism. On the whole, considering its Bohemian intentions, the novel must be pronounced insipid, while, with regard to more important matters, the author cannot be acquitted of trying to excite sensational sympathy with unwholesome things. Nobody, however, is likely to be made much the worse—unless indeed they carry away a belief that the famous theatre of La Scala is to be found in Naples.

"Waiting," by A. M. Hopkinson (3 vols. : Sampson Low and Co.), is absolutely pathetic as an example of deference to all the conventionalities of the modern novel, and of a belief that to reproduce them conscientiously is to achieve all that the art of fiction demands. We have all the usual characters—the trampled heroine, torn between the claims of two inconsistent flirtations: the strong, reserved hero, who talks as only the heroes of ladies' novels ever talk, and moves as only wooden dolls know, in real life, how to move: the pet stock phrases, such as "her fresh, young beauty," and "all the warmth of her passionate nature:" the abolition of all tenses save the present: the dying child, and the plot composed of impossibly frivolous misunderstandings. Not even is the proper pinch of German and artistic culture forgotten, or any of the little arts that make a book seem to exclaim, "How sweetly pretty I am!" But then all this makes "Waiting" exceedingly easy to read, which is more than can be said of many a better novel. The dying child can always be skipped, and as the experienced reader will foresee from the first everything that is going to happen, he will not be troubled by any strain upon his intellect—which is perhaps the very first requisite in a novel that aims at popularity.

The title of "A Home Ruler," by Minnie Young and Rachel Trent, illustrated by C. P. Colnaghi (1 vol. : W. H. Allen and Co.), may possibly mislead into the paths of novel reading those unfortunate persons who are completely satisfied with the newspapers. If so, they will be beguiled into reading a very simple little tale of how three sisters, having to earn their own living, kept a shop for fancy goods, and got on very well till better times came to them. It is described on the title-page as "A Story for Girls," and is certainly as wholesome in its tone, and as grammatical in its style, as every story for young people ought to be.

POPE LEO XIII. rises every morning at 6 A.M., and at once says a Mass in his private chapel, afterwards being present at a second Mass said by his chaplains. He then breakfasts, and reads a few newspapers until 9.30, when Cardinal Jacobini, his Chief Secretary, spends some time with his Holiness arranging Papal affairs. The Pope then gives audiences, and at noon goes out for a drive in the Vatican gardens, returning to dinner at 2 p.m., where his favourite dish is boiled beef. A few privileged visitors are allowed to look on at the meal, as it is contrary to etiquette to sit down to table with the Pope. After dinner Pope Leo retires to his study to work and give further audiences, taking an hour's rest before the *Angelus*, and a walk in one of the galleries. At nine he sups, and goes to bed at 11 p.m.

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 CHAMPAGNE, at 30s., 42s., 48s., 60s., 72s., to 90s.
 OLD PORT, at 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s., 60s., to 90s.
 Fine old Pale Brandy, 48s., 60s., 72s., 84s.

THROAT AFFECTIONS AND HOARSENESS.—All suffering from irritation of the throat and hoarseness will be agreeably surprised at the almost immediate relief afforded by the use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches." These famous lozenges are sold by most respectable chemists in this country at 1s. 1½d. per box. People troubled with a "hacking cough," a "slight cold," or bronchial affections, cannot try them too soon, as similar troubles, if allowed to progress, result in serious pulmonary and asthmatic affections. See that the words, "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are on the Government Stamp around each box.

MUSICAL BOX DEPOTS, 22, Ludgate Hill, and 60, Cheapside, London.—Nicolas' celebrated Musical Boxes, playing best secular and sacred music. Price, 4s. to £250. Snuff-Boxes, 18s. to 60s. Catalogues gratis and post free.—Apply to WALKES & M'GILLICHOE, as above.

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HER MAJESTY.
THE LARGEST FURNISHING
ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD.
MAPLE and CO., Manufacturers of
BED-ROOM SUITES by
MACHINERY.
500 BEDROOM SUITES, from
4 guineas to 200 guineas.
BED-ROOM SUITES, in pine,
5½ guineas.
BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid
Ash, plate glass door to Wardrobe, Washstand
fitted with Minton's Tiles, £10 15s.
BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid
Walnut, plate glass door to Wardrobe, Washstand
fitted with Minton's Tiles, £11 15s.
BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid
Walnut, plate glass door to Wardrobe, Washstand
fitted with Minton's Tiles, and Chest of Drawers,
£14 14s.
BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid Ash
or Walnut, with large plate glass to Wardrobe,
Washstand fitted with Minton's Tiles, Large Chest of
Drawers, £18 18s.
BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid
Walnut, beautifully inlaid, 20 guineas.
BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid Ash,
with 6 ft. Wardrobe complete, £22 10s.
BED-ROOM SUITES, pure Chip-
pendale in design, and solid rosewood, walnut, or
dark mahogany, large wardrobes (two wings for hang-
ing), with raised centre, Duchesse toilet table fitted with
jewel drawers, washstand with Minton's tiles, pedestal
cupboard, towel horse, and three chairs. These Suites
are very richly carved out of the solid wood, with bevel
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wardrobes, very handsome, in rosewood, richly
inlaid; also satinwood inlaid with different woods. 65
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THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT
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BEDSTEADS. Brass.
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TEN THOUSAND BEDSTEADS
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Wood, Iron, and Brass, fitted with furniture
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bedsteads now in stock to select from. From 8s. 6d. to
30 guineas each. Very strong, useful brass bedsteads
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SPRING MATTRESSES.—The
Patent Wire-woven Spring Mattress.—We have
made such advantageous arrangements that we are
enabled to forward the above much-admired Spring
Mattresses at the following low prices:—

3 ft.	3 ft. 6 in.	4 ft.	4 ft. 6 in.	5 ft.
21s.	25s.	29s.	35s.	40s.

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TURKEY CARPETS, as made in
the Seventeenth Century.
TURKEY CARPETS.
TURKEY CARPETS. 3,000 to
Select from.
THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT
OF INDIAN, PERSIAN, and TURKEY
CARPETS always in stock. Superior qualities.
Purchasers must beware of inferior Turkey Carpets.
These are now being manufactured and sold as best
quality at so much per square yard.—MAPLE and CO.,
Tottenham Court Road.
MAPLE and CO. have correspond-
ents and buyers in India and Persia (who act
solely for them) from whom they receive direct consign-
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guaranteed qualities. Purchasers are cautioned against
large quantities which are coming forward of inferior
quality, these having been made to suit the demand for
cheap foreign carpets, especially Turkey. The trade
supplied.
THE LARGEST STOCK OF
ORIENTAL CARPETS IN
EUROPE.
ANTIQUE PERSIAN RUGS.—
5,000 of these in stock, some being really
wonderful curios, well worth the attention of art
collectors, especially when it is considered what great
value is attached to these artistic rarities, and which
are sold at commercial prices.
A PERSIAN CARPET for Thirty
Shillings, measuring about 10 feet long by 5 feet
wide, 5,000 to select from. The goods are regularly
imported by MAPLE and CO., and are very durable,
being the best of this make. 145 to 149, Tottenham
Court Road, London.
FIFTY MILES OF
BEST BRUSSELS
CARPETS at 3s. 9d. per yard.
THESE GOODS, by some of the first
Manufacturers, are of superior quality, the
designs and colourings new and artistic. They are
per yard under the usual price asked at the West End
for the same quality.
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fully to state that this department is now so organised
that they are fully prepared to execute and supply any
article that can possibly be required in furnishing at the
same price, if not less, than any other house in England.
Patterns sent and quotations given free of charge.
ORDERS FOR EXPORTATION
to any part of the World packed carefully on
the premises, and forwarded on receipt of a remittance
or London reference.
MAPLE and CO., LONDON.

LEATH and ROSS'S COLUMN.
GLYKALINE.
THE APPROVED SPECIFIC.
Cures Coughs, Colds, Catarrhs, and Respiratory
Ailments.
GLYKALINE effectually relieves
 Disorders of the Mucous Membrane, so prevalent in the winter, averts Diphtheria, and unfailingly clears the bronchial tubes. By its use Colds are cured in a few hours. As a most efficacious remedy, GLYKALINE is unprecedented.

INDEPENDENT TESTIMONIAL
 to GLYKALINE.
 "TALON ROUGE," writing in *Vanity Fair*, under date March 17, 1877, says: "This medicine has the valuable property of curing colds in the head. The man who has discovered a sure remedy for this plague of the season to the medical profession and the human race. The other morning I awoke with the feeling of general oppression, the certain precursor of a catarrh. I sped to the nearest chemist's, and found the longed-for remedy. BEFORE NIGHT I WAS CURED. It is a colourless, tasteless fluid, called GLYKALINE." The unsolicited correspondent of *Vanity Fair* bears testimony that three drops of the specific taken at intervals of an hour, will certainly cure the most obstinate of colds. He writes disinterestedly, "desiring," as he says, "only to make known the healing properties of GLYKALINE, and so to confer a boon on the suffering human race."

GLYKALINE is the surest and
 speediest Remedy, and all who suffer from obstructed breathing should use it. In bottles, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. By post, 1s. 3d. and 3s. Sold by all Chemists. Full directions with each bottle.

NEURALINE.
THE APPROVED SPECIFIC.
Cures (and instantly relieves) Toothache, Neuralgia,
and Nerve Pains.

NEURALINE is recognised as a
 reliable Specific in cases of Rheumatism, Gout, and corresponding disorders. It relieves INSTANTANEOUSLY, and will be found invaluable to all who are afflicted.

NEURALINE never fails to give
 relief. It is in demand throughout the world. As a sure specific against Nerve Pains it is deservedly celebrated, a single application (in many cases) permanently curing the sufferer. Sir James Matheson received the following letter from Mr. Edgar, of Butt Light-Island, of Lewis, N.B.: "Mrs. Edgar cannot express her thanks to Lady Matheson for the Neuraline. It proved the MOST SUCCESSFUL REMEDY SHE HAD EVER APPLIED. The relief experienced was almost instantaneous." NEURALINE is sold by all Chemists, in bottles, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. By post, 1s. 3d. and 3s. Illustrated directions with each.

AUROSINE.
THE APPROVED SPECIFIC.
Preserves the Hands, the Skin, and the Lips.
AUROSINE quickly removes Chaps,
 Unsightliness, and Roughness of Skin, effects of sea-salt &c., and (especially in Winter) protects the exposed cuticle from atmospheric attacks and the influences of exposure. It renders the surface of the skin beautifully smooth; imparts suppleness, whiteness, and the natural hue of health, while in no degree impeding the pores, but, on the contrary, AUROSINE is pleasant to use and agreeable in its perfume, while colourless and not greasy. In bottles, 1s.; by post, 1s. 4d.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE,
 A LIQUID DENTIFRICE.
 The Best Elixir for the Teeth and Gums.
 This elegant and approved preparation may be used in all confidence. It cleanses and whitens the Teeth, and keeps them against decay, improves and preserves the enamel, and hardens the Gums, while benefiting their colour. As an astringent, antiseptic, and detergent, the Tincture is widely esteemed and in increasing demand. It effectually disguises the odour of Tobacco. In bottles, 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 4d. and 1s. 10d.

BERBERINE.
 FOR INTERNAL DISORDERS.
 A new and invaluable discovery, alleviating and removing Headache, Constipation, Derangement of the Liver, Biliousness, and Nausea. This preparation, by stimulating the Stomach, promoting its healthy action, removing Bile, Giddiness, and the feeling of Prostration. BERBERINE is really excellent for Colic and Pains in the Back; while against Indigestion and concomitant evils it stands unrivalled. Sold by all Chemists, in bottles, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

OZONISED OIL.
 THE NEW PREPARATION FOR THE HAIR.
 By the use of this Oil, not only is the Hair nourished and its natural appearance improved, but decay and weakness are arrested, the growth excited, and pre-judicial influences eradicated. It is proportionally oil to ozone, and is perfectly safe. It is falling off, as OZONISED OIL distinctly and speedily restores the fibre, while merely preparing to be well brushed into the roots. The New Preparation is NOT A DYE, and may be unhesitatingly used. Sold in bottles, 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 3d., 2s., and 3s.

ODONTALGIC ESSENCE
 FOR THE TEETH.
 Will be found most serviceable wherever there exists evidence of decay. This liquid stopping protects the exposed nerves from cold or foreign substances (as crumbs), and while giving security and ease, causes no inconvenience. The Essence cures Toothache, and does not impede mastication. The application is simple. Sold in bottles, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

CHILBLAIN LINIMENT,
 TESTED AND APPROVED.
 The experience of a steadily increasing demand during the past several Winters sufficiently proves that this most serviceable but unpretentious Remedy for Chilblains speedily effects their removal, and soothes their painful and irritating sensations. Complete directions with the bottles. Price 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

CHILDREN'S POWDERS,
 SPECIALLY PREPARED.
 These powders are applicable to both Children and Adults. They are very effective in expelling Worms, especially the smaller kinds (known as Ascarides) which are the pests of infants. Intestinal worms of larger dimensions are got rid of by the use of these Powders with regularity, facility, and consequently adults or persons in years will obtain relief, the efficacy of preparation (CHENOPodium ANTHELMINTICUM) being quite unquestionable. While the appetite and general health are improved, together with tone to the system, the Powders create no nausea, and are in no way dangerous. Directions with each box. Price 1s. 6d. and 3s.; by post, free.

PHOSPHO-MURIATE of Quinine.
 SPECIALLY PREPARED FOR GENERAL DEBILITY.
 This reliable Specific possesses numerous important features. It removes Lassitude, braces the system, relieves Headache, tranquillises the Sleep, soothes the Temper, strengthens the Memory, equalises the Spirits, and thus is corrective of Nervousness, Excitement, and Depression. Sufferers from Exhaustion and Brain-weakness will gain speedy relief. Directions with each bottle. 1s. 1½d., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 3d., 3s., and 5s.

THE NEW TOILET REQUISITE.
DORÉ'S GLYCERINE SOAP
 (TRANSPARENT).
 This specially-useful and very beautiful preparation by its moderate price and intrinsic value has already become a favourite in popular and fashionable circles. It purifies and softens the skin, removes Roughness, prevents Chaps and the effects of exposure, is delightful to use and of beautiful appearance. DORÉ'S TRANSPARENT GLYCERINE SOAP is sold in Tablets, 3d., 4d., and 6d. each; in Bars, 1s. and 1s. 6d.; in Shaving, 6d. and 1s.; and in Boxes, 6d., 9d., 1s., and 1s. 6d. each. Chemists, and

LEATH and ROSS.
 HOMEOPATHIC CHEMISTS,
 5, St. Paul's Churchyard; and 9, Vere Street, Oxford Street, W.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE.
THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE.
DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE.—Dr. J. C. Browne (late Army Medical Staff) discovered a remedy, to denote which he coined the word CHLORODYNE. Dr. Browne is the Sole Inventor, and it is therefore evident that, as he has never published the formula, anything else sold under the name of CHLORODYNE must be a piracy.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE.—All attempts at analysis have failed to discover its composition.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne; that the whole story of the defendant was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say that "had been sworn to."—See the *Times*, July 13, 1864.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE is a Liquid Medicine which assuages pain of every kind, affords a calm and refreshing sleep WITHOUT HEADACHE, and invigorates the Nervous System when exhausted.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE.
COLDS,
BRONCHITIS,
COUGHS,
ASTHMA.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE.
 Extract from the *Medical Times*, Jan. 12, 1866.
 "Is prescribed by scores of orthodox practitioners. Of course it would not be thus singularly popular did it not supply a want and fill a place."

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE.
 From Surgeon Hawthorne, Henry Street, Banbridge, Ireland.
 "I have been in the habit of prescribing your preparation of Chlorodyne pretty largely these last three months. I have invariably found it useful, particularly in the latter stages of Phthisis, allaying the incessant and harassing cough, also in Chronic Bronchitis and Asthma."

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE most effectually relieves those too often fatal diseases, CROUP and DIPHTHERIA.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE
 is the great specific for
CHOLERA,
DYSENTERY,
DIARRHŒA.

"Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians that he had received a despatch from Her Majesty's Consul at Manila to the effect that Cholera had been raging fearfully, and that the ONLY Remedy of any service was CHLORODYNE."—See *Lancet*, December 31, 1864.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE.
 The General Board of Health, London, reports that it acts as a charm, one dose generally sufficient.

FROM SYMES and CO., Pharma-
 ceutical Chemists, Medical Hall, Simla.—January 5, 1880.
 To J. T. DAVENPORT, Esq., 3, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, London.

Dear Sir,—We embrace this opportunity of congratulating you upon the wide-spread reputation this justly-esteemed medicine has earned for itself not only in Hindostan, but all over the East. As a remedy of general utility, we much question whether a better is imported into the country, and we shall be glad to hear of its finding a place in every Anglo-Indian home. The other brands, we are happy to say, are now relegated to the native bazaars, and, judging from their sale, we fancy their sojourn there will be but evanescent. We could multiply instances *ad infinitum* of the extraordinary efficacy of Dr. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne in Diarrhœa and Dysentery, Spasms, Cramps, Neuralgia, and as a general sedative, that have occurred under our personal observation during many years. In Choleraic Diarrhœa, and even in the more terrible forms of Cholera itself, we have witnessed its surprisingly controlling power. We have never used any other form of this medicine than Collis Browne's, from a firm conviction that it is decidedly the best, and also from a sense of duty we owe to the profession and the public, as we are of opinion that the substitution of any other than Collis Browne's is a deliberate breach of faith on the part of the chemist to prescriber and patient alike.

We are, Sir, faithfully yours,
 SYMES and CO.
 Members of the Pharm. Society of Great Britain. His Excellency the Viceroy's Chemists.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE.
 rapidly cuts short all attacks of
EPILEPSY, PALPITATION,
SPASMS, Hysteria,
COLIC.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE
 is the true palliative in
NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM,
GOUT, CANCER,
TOOTHACHE.

IMPORTANT CAUTION.
 Every bottle of genuine CHLORODYNE bears on the Government Stamp the name of the Inventor,
DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE.
 Sold in Bottles, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d.

J. T. DAVENPORT,
 33, Great Russell Street, W.C., Sole Manufacturer.

"THE PERFECTION OF PREPARED COCOA."
TAYLOR BROTHERS'
"MARAVILLA" COCOA.

Sold in Tin-lined Packets only, by all Grocers.
TAYLOR BROTHERS call the
 attention of consumers to the high sustaining and nutritive powers possessed by MARAVILLA COCOA and MARAVILLA COCOA ESSENCE. These articles being prepared with great judgment and skill from the choicest growths of the Trinidad and South American estates, compare advantageously with the productions offered by other houses, and a trial is strongly recommended before a preference is finally given to any other description.

TAYLOR BROTHERS, MARAVILLA, HOMEO-
PATHIC, ROCK, FLAKE, AND PEARL COCOA
MANUFACTURERS,
 Brick Lane and Wentworth Street Steam Mills
 Spitalfields, London.

"A PURE COCOA OF THE CONSISTENCY
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TAYLOR BROTHERS'
"MARAVILLA" COCOA
ESSENCE.

Sold in Tins and Tin-lined Packets only, by all Grocers.

FRY'S
COCOA.
FRY'S CARACAS
COCOA.
 A choice prepared Cocoa.
 "A most delicious and valuable article."—*Standard.*

FRY'S
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FRY'S COCOA
EXTRACT.
 Pure Cocoa only.
 The superlative oil extracted.
 J. S. FRY and SONS.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
 "By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a deliciously flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

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COCOA.

Made simply with boiling water or milk.
J. EPPS and CO., HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMISTS
 Makers of Epps's Chocolate Essence for afternoons.

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"FAMILY BEREAVEMENTS."
 Upon Receipt of Letters or Telegram PETER ROBINSON'S EXPERIENCED DRESS-MAKERS and MILLINERS TRAVEL to ALL PARTS of the COUNTRY (no matter the distance, FREE OF EXPENSE TO PURCHASERS, with Dresses, Mantles, Millinery, and a full assortment of MADE-UP ARTICLES of the best and most suitable description. Also materials by the Yard, and supplied at the same VERY REASONABLE PRICES as if purchased at the Warehouse in "REGENT STREET."

Mourning for Servants at unexceptionably low rates, at a great saving to large or small families.
 Funerals Conducted in Town or Country at Stated Charges.

Address 256 to 262, Regent Street, London.
PETER ROBINSON'S.

THE BEST CRAPES,
 THAT WILL NOT SPOT WITH RAIN.
 Special qualities finished by the manufacturer in this desirable manner solely to the order of PETER ROBINSON.
 Good qualities from 5s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. per yard. Others, not finished by this process, from 1s. 6d. to 4s. 6d.
PETER ROBINSON, Mourning Warehouse,
 256 to 262, Regent Street, London, W.

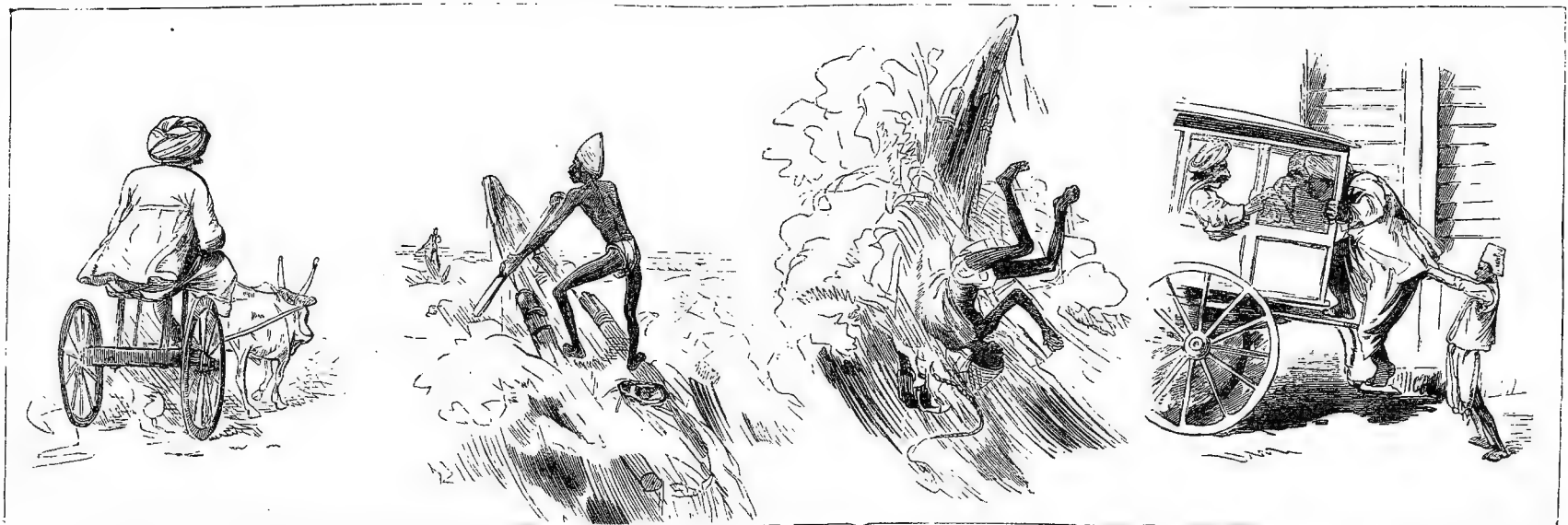
VALUABLE DISCOVERY for the
 HAIR.—If your hair is turning grey or white, or falling off, use "The Mexican Hair Renewer," for it will positively restore in every case grey or white hair to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots, where the glands are not decayed. Full particulars around each bottle. Ask your nearest Chemist for THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER. Sold everywhere at 3s. 6d. per bottle.

HOOPING COUGH.—ROCHE'S
HERBAL EMBROCATION.—The celebrated effectual cure without internal medicine. Sole Wholesale Agents, W. EDWARDS and SON, 157, Queen Victoria Street (formerly of 67, St. Paul's Churchyard), London, whose names are engraved on the Government stamp.

SOLD BY MOST CHEMISTS.
 Price 4s. per bottle.

PARR'S
LIFE
PILLS.
 Will keep people in vigorous health, and make them cheerful and hearty. They are unrivalled for the cure of sick headache, indigestion, loss of appetite, impurities of the blood, disorders of the stomach, liver, or general derangement of the system.
 Sold by all Medicine Vendors, in boxes, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 6d., and in Family Packets, 11s. each.

ROBARE'S AUREOLINE, or
GOLDEN HAIR WASH. For producing the beautiful golden colour so much admired. Warranted perfectly harmless. Price 5s. 6d. and 10s. 6d., of all the principal Perfumers and Chemists throughout the World.—Wholesale Agents: R. HOVENDEN and SONS, London.

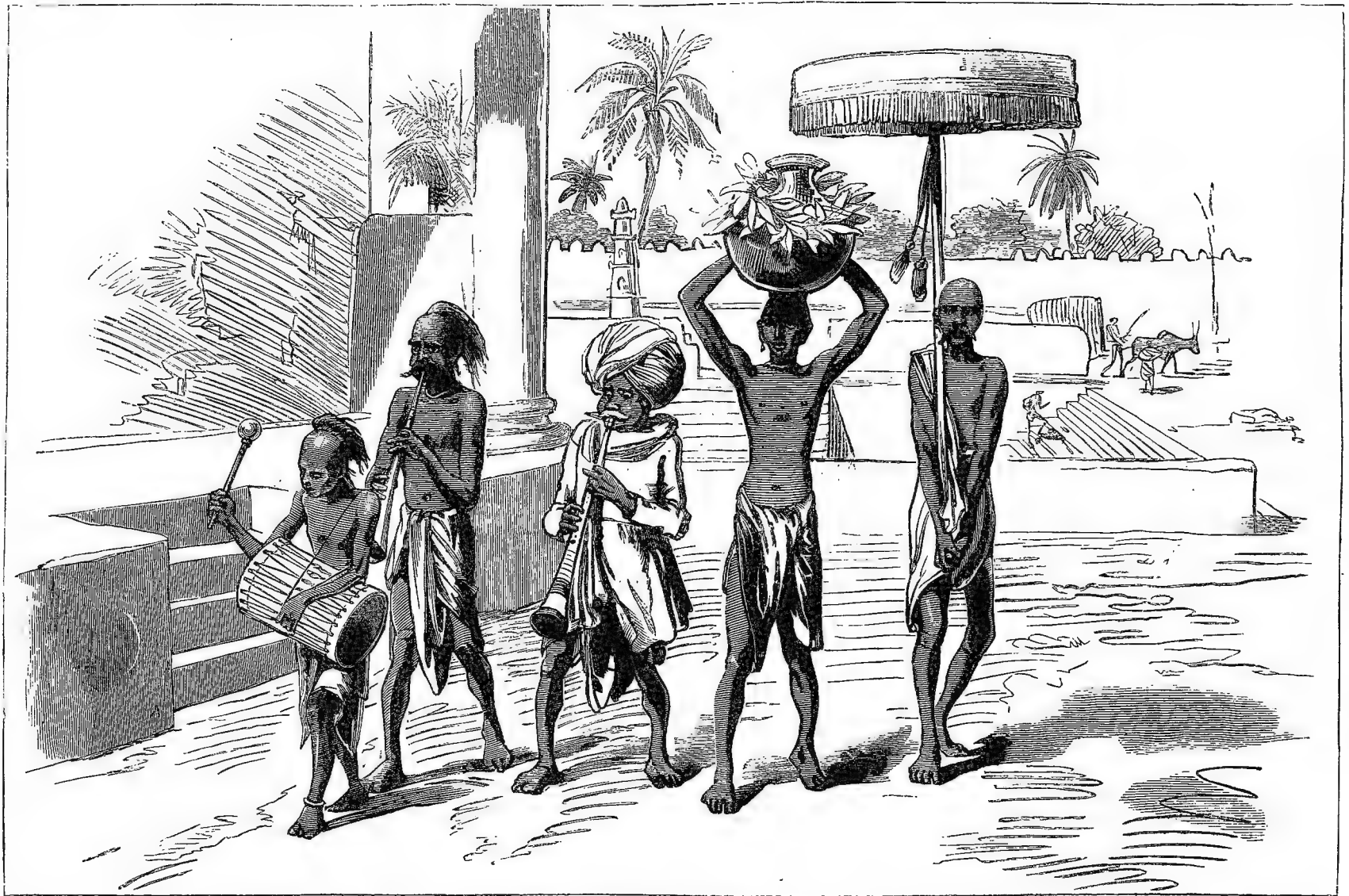


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A CATAMARAN

A CATAMARAN IN THE SURF

A TIGHT FIT



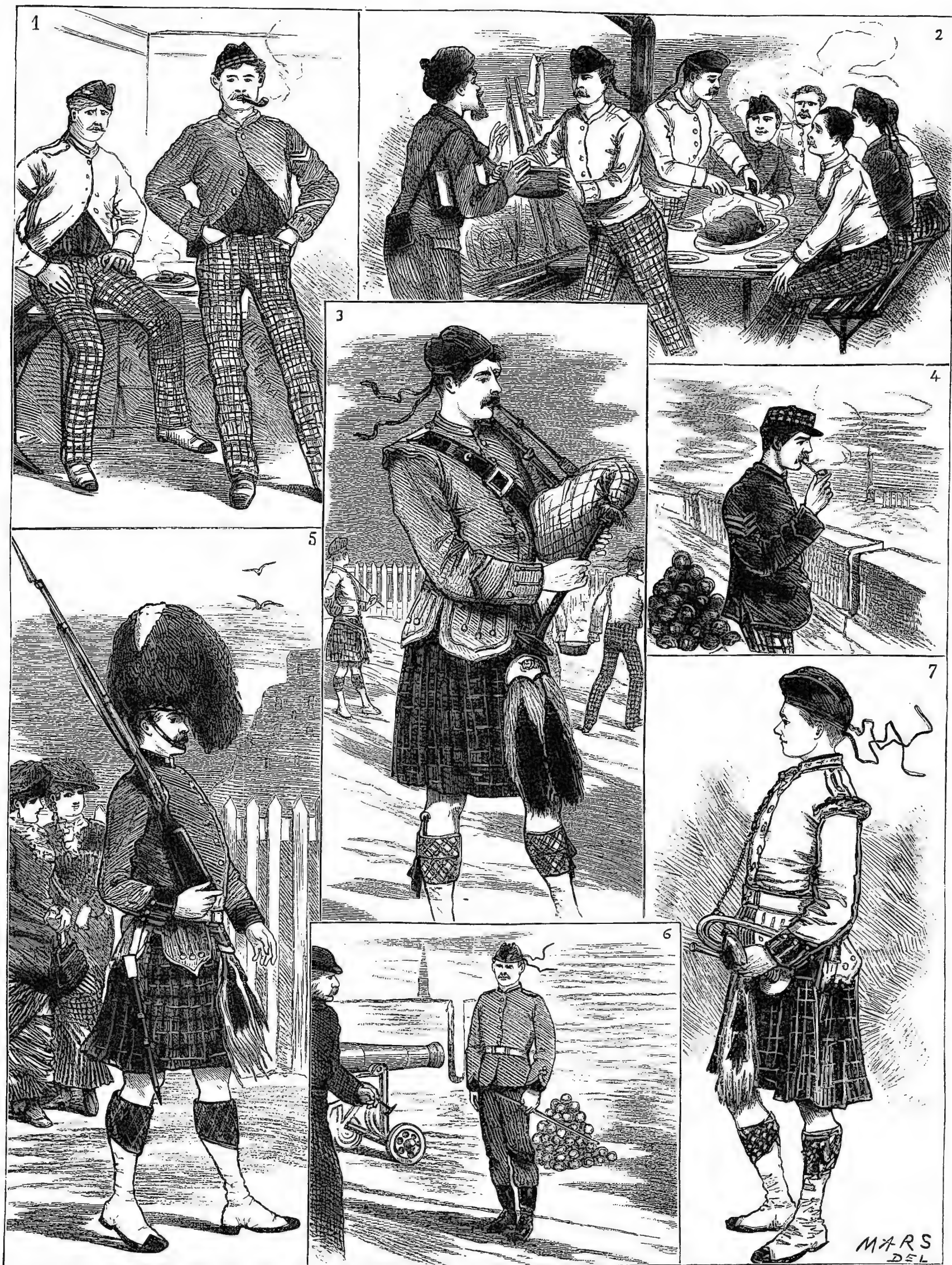
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NATIVE CRICKETERS

ROUND THE WORLD YACHTING IN THE "CEYLON," XII.—MADRAS

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. C. E. FRIPP



1. Don't Forget the Pipe.—2. The Stranger's Welcome.—3. The Call to Dinner.—4. The Sergeant has a Quiet Pipe.—5. On Sentry Duty.—6. Attention.—7. A Young Bugler.

MILITARY SKETCHES AT EDINBURGH CASTLE, BY A FRENCH ARTIST



FRANCE.—The Chambers have adjourned for the Easter holidays, and politics are at a standstill, save for a discussion respecting the extent of M. Gambetta's influence, which his adversaries declare has marvellously decreased since his fall, the *National* calculating that out of eighty-three Republican journals in the provinces which formerly supported him, thirty-seven have deserted him. Shrewd observers, however, do not believe in his decadence, but look upon M. Gambetta's temporary quietude as a species of breathing time which that statesman is taking before beginning a new campaign. It would be a good thing for France could M. Gambetta be induced to prolong his "breathing time" indefinitely, for more real work has been done by Parliament in two months—and that with no turbulent debates nor exciting "incidents"—that can be chronicled in any previous Session. That M. Gambetta's influence is manifestly powerful is shown by his election as President of the Conscription Committee, and before long we shall doubtless hear his voice in the Chamber as frequently as ever. The only other noteworthy political topic has been the celebration at Palermo of the Sicilian Vespers, which is generally regarded as an anti-French demonstration, though the chief Republican journals have the good taste to pass it over in silence. At the Free Thought Congress, which has been held in Paris, the celebration of the famous anniversary was pronounced to be a demonstration against Clericalism, and a telegram was despatched to General Garibaldi deploring "the old enmity fomented by the Papacy."

ITALY.—The commemoration of the Sicilian Vespers took place at Palermo on Friday week with great success. There was a procession to the Church of the Vespers, the bells rang out joyous peals, and a hymn, composed expressly for the occasion, was sung amid the greatest enthusiasm. General Garibaldi was not present, but was represented by his son Menotti. Perfect order was maintained throughout, and the statement that the celebration was in any way intended as a hostile demonstration against France has been warmly combatted, the idea of commemorating the anniversary having been entertained long before the recent difficulties with France had arisen. In his speech Signor Crispi explained how it was that the anniversary had never been previously celebrated. "In 1482, two centuries after the event, Sicily had become a Spanish province, in 1582 Philip of Spain was King, in 1682 Charles, the last of the Austrian line, was Sovereign; while in 1782 Ferdinand III., afterwards called the First, who destroyed the Constitution franchise, was reigning. Sicily, therefore, plunged for five centuries in darkness, had lost all she conquered through the Vespers." "We owe it," he continued, "to the great French Revolution that the people began to feel the need of liberty. And then arose the true conception, which was not that of the Guelphs, under submission to the Papacy, nor of the Ghibellines, ruled by the Emperor, but a Constitutional Monarchy. The Sicilian Vespers is not meant as an offence to other nations, but as a reminder that we shall know how to sustain our rights against any who may attempt to assail them." In a manifesto, which in its terse incoherency reads almost like a parody on Victor Hugo's emanations, General Garibaldi is scarcely so conciliatory, as he exclaims "To thee, Palermo, city of great initiatives, mistress of the art of expelling tyranny, belongs the right of the sublime initiative of driving away from Italy the prop of all the tyrannies—the corruption of nations—who, dwelling on the right bank of the Tiber, unleashes thence his black hounds for the destruction of universal suffrage—almost gained—after having tried to sell Italy for the hundredth time. Remember, O brave people, that from the Vatican benedictions were sent to the mercenaries whom in 1282 thou didst drive away with so much heroism."

In Rome on Saturday a stone tablet commemorative of Sir Walter Scott's sojourn in the Eternal City was unveiled by Colonel Ramsay in the presence of the Municipality and the British community. The stone bears the inscription:—"In the year 1832, the last of his life, the illustrious English novelist Walter Scott, of Edinburgh, dwelt in this house."—The first prize of 2,000*l.* for the best design for a monument to Victor Emmanuel has been awarded to M. Henri Menot, the second prize to Signor Ferrari Tiacentini.

SPAIN.—There have been some serious disturbances owing to the free-trade policy of the Cabinet, the conclusion of the Commercial Treaty with France, and the imposition of certain industrial taxes. The agitation was fomented by the manufacturers, and at Barcelona riotous demonstrations were made, *octroi* stations attacked and burnt, and the shops and manufactories closed. The movement quickly spread to the neighbouring cities, and the shops and factories were closed at Gerona, Sabadele, and Tarrasa. The Government, however, with praiseworthy energy, lost no time in taking stringent measures to repress the disturbances, the military were ordered to the disaffected districts, numerous arrests were made, and in several instances the troops fired upon the crowd. Order, however, was being restored, and the shops and factories were reopening.

AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.—Egypt is apparently tranquil, though that the military party is all powerful is manifest by the number of officers who are constantly promoted, and the continued tirades against the employment of foreign officials, probably to appease the jealousy of the civil functionaries who support the present régime. Meanwhile, it is stated that the Cabinets of Berlin, St. Petersburg, Vienna, and Rome have consented to the Anglo-French proposal to recommend the Egyptian Government to remodel the 34th Article of the Organic Law so as to afford sufficient guarantees to the creditors of Egypt, and to insure the literal execution of the obligations entered into by the Egyptian Government with the Powers.

In HERZEGOVINA and CRIVOSCIE the insurgents are still pursuing a guerilla warfare, and the Austrians are sending out flying detachments to drive them out of their fastnesses. The insurgents, however, are losing heart, their raids are becoming less frequent, and their leaders are flying into Montenegro.

RUSSIA.—Another Nihilist assassination. On the 30th ult., General Strelnikoff, the Public Prosecutor at the Kieff Military Tribunal, who has distinguished himself in the various Nihilist trials, was shot in broad daylight on the Boulevard at Odessa. Three men were concerned in the murder; two were captured, but the third escaped. The Czar was so angered at the news that he at first ordered the prisoners to be executed within twenty-four hours, but afterwards changed his mind, and decided that they should be tried in due form. Accordingly they were tried and sentenced to death on Saturday. The funeral of General Strelnikoff took place on Sunday morning, with full military honours. Curiously enough this crime happened within a few hours of the commutation by the Czar of the sentence of death passed on the prisoners in the Trigon trial. One man alone, Soukhanoff, was excepted, owing to his being a lieutenant in the navy. He, however, was spared the disgrace of dying at the hands of the hangman, and was taken to Cronstadt, and shot by a detachment of marines. A most extraordinary statement, since denied by the *Official Gazette*, has been widely discussed, namely, that all foreigners domiciled in Russia for five years must henceforward at the end of that time become Russian citizens or leave the country. This rumour is undoubtedly due to the Panslavonic

party, who are anxious to eliminate the Teutonic element from the country as far as possible. There are 200,000 Germans domiciled in Russia at the present time, and as they are far more thrifty and industrious than the Muscovites themselves are hated by the latter—only one degree less, if indeed at all, than the money-making Israelites.

INDIA.—From AFGHANISTAN the news is not so satisfactory as usual. Reports from Herat state that, while Abdul Kudas Khan is seemingly loyal to the Ameer, he is maintaining a correspondence with Sirdar Mohammed Ishak Khan, the Governor of Turkestan. Public opinion in Herat also is said to be divided, the army inclining for Ayooob, while the population are in favour of the Ameer. Indeed, Abdul Kudas Khan appears to be treating with all three—Ayooob, Abdurrahman, and Ishak Khan—and it is thought strongly advisable that the Ameer should visit Herat without much further delay.

UNITED STATES.—The request of the American Government for the respite of Dr. Lamson and their remonstrances with regard to the imprisonment in Ireland without trial of the American suspects are being vigorously discussed. An immense mass meeting was held in New York on Monday to censure the Government's inaction with regard to the imprisoned suspects, and resolutions were adopted declaring warm sympathy with the imprisoned citizens, and displeasure at the official neglect and "evasion of duty which abandoned them to the mercies of their unscrupulous gaolers." England, of course, was most bitterly denounced, and Mr. Lowell declared guilty of "sickening sycophancy to English influence." This language is deprecated by the leading journals, but there is a strong popular feeling that the suspects should either be brought to trial or released without further delay.

A steamer, the *Golden City*, has been burnt at Memphis, with the loss of twenty-three lives; an attempt has been made to blow up Major André's monument at Tappanstown, New York, with dynamite; violent storms have done much damage in Pennsylvania, and the immigration returns show a still further increase on those of last year. The total for March is 42,743, against 28,908 during the same month last year, there being 19,000 Germans, 4,000 Irish, 9,700 English, 1,000 Scotch, 3,400 Scandinavians, and over 4,000 Italians. Since the beginning of this year there have been 72,000 immigrants, against 48,000 during the similar period of 1881, while the Italians number 7,000 against 3,000. This last increase is due to the number of Italian labourers, who bid fair to out rival the Chinese in their competition with American labour. They work cheaply, writes the correspondent of the *Daily News*, live on less than American labourers, and are hired in gangs like the Chinese. With reference to the last-named President Arthur has vetoed the Exclusion Law.



THE QUEEN will return to England next week. Leaving Mentone on Tuesday, Her Majesty will not, as at first arranged, spend any time in Paris on the homeward journey but will travel direct to Cherbourg and cross to Portsmouth, reaching Windsor on the following Thursday. Meanwhile the Queen and Princess Beatrice continue to visit the places of interest round Mentone, have been to Monaco, and have received the Comte de Paris, who came over from Cannes. On Saturday Her Majesty drove on the Castellaro road, and next day Divine Service was performed at the Châlet des Rosiers before the Queen and Princess Beatrice by the Rev. Canon Sidebotham. During the morning, also, Princess Beatrice went to the Cathedral to witness the ceremony of the Benediction of Palms, and accompanied Her Majesty to visit Prince Leopold at the Hotel Bellevue, while the Queen and Princess drove later in the day on the Nice road. On Monday Her Majesty again visited Prince Leopold, while Princess Beatrice spent the day at Nice, travelling there and back by sea in the British gunboat *Cygnet*.—Yesterday (Good Friday), was the Princess Beatrice's twenty-fifth birthday.—The French Squadron will this week anchor off Mentone, the Admiral in command having asked the Queen's permission to pay her the usual Royal honours. Probably Her Majesty will visit one of the ironclads.—A *Te Deum* for the preservation of the Queen's life during her recent danger was performed in the Cathedral at Tunis on Monday, when a demonstration in favour of the English took place, Cardinal Lavigère gave an eulogistic oration on the British nation, and the town was illuminated.

The Prince and Princess of Wales with their daughters have gone to Sandringham. Before leaving town the Prince at the end of last week inspected in Hyde Park those battalions of the Guards quartered in London, the Princess also being present on horseback. The Prince and Princess also inspected Mr. H. Herkomer, R.A.'s new pictures at Messrs. Goupil's Gallery. On Saturday the Prince went to the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race, being as usual on board the umpire's boat, and on Sunday the Prince and Princess and their daughters attended Divine Service. Next day the Prince went to the French Gallery, and also to the Westminster Aquarium to witness some experiments in connection with a new method of raising sunken vessels. The Prince and Princess and their daughters left town for Sandringham on Tuesday, while to-day (Saturday) the Prince leaves again for Portsmouth, for the Volunteer Review.

The Duke of Edinburgh returned to town at the end of last week from his tour of inspection on the South-Western coast, the Duchess having preceded him by a few days. On Saturday the Duke witnessed the Boat Race, and in the evening was present at the annual dinner of the Institute of Civil Engineers.

Prince Leopold is slowly recovering from his recent illness, and on Monday drove out at Mentone for the first time since his fall. There has been some talk of the Prince's marriage being postponed in consequence of his health, but no official announcement has appeared, and the arrangements for the ceremony are in full progress. The ceremonial will be the same as that followed at the Duke of Connaught's wedding, and a State Banquet at Windsor Castle will form part of the festivities. The Wedding Service will be performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishops of London, Oxford, Worcester, and Winchester, and the Dean of Windsor, and will be choral, the Hallelujah Chorus being sung at the close, while Gounod's March, specially composed at the Queen's request, will also be performed. The bridegroom will be supported by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught, and the bride will be given away by her father, eight bridesmaids attending the Princess Helen—the Ladies Esmyntrude Russell, Mary Campbell, Jane Conyngham, Alexandrina Vane-Tempest, Florence Anson, Eva Greville, Florence Bootle-Wilbraham, and Anne Lindsay, daughters of the Dukes of Bedford and Argyll, the Marquises of Conyngham and Londonderry, and the Earls of Lichfield, Warwick, and Lathom, and sister of the present Earl of Crawford and Balcarres. The bridesmaids' costumes are to be specially artistic, having been superintended by Princess Beatrice, while the Queen and Princess Beatrice have also selected the music. The Princess Helen with her father and mother, and probably the King and Queen of the Netherlands, will arrive in England about two days before the wedding. The Royal pair will go after the marriage to Claremont.



THE OPEN-AIR MISSION held its annual meeting last week under the presidency of the Earl of Aberdeen. The report stated that during the year 1881 the Mission, which numbered 611 members, had held forty-six conferences, and its agents had held religious services at 1,120 race-meetings, fairs, &c., besides occupying 600 preaching stations in London and the provinces, and circulating upwards of a million tracts and other publications. Dr. Donald Fraser, alluding to the Salvation Army, said that he was ready at once to take sides with it against the "Army of Destruction" (the roughs), and Lord Shaftesbury told how in his eightieth year he had preached his first sermon in the streets.

THE SOUTHERN CONFERENCE OF GENERAL BAPTIST CHURCHES was held in Bethnal Green on Monday. Mr. E. Cayford, the new President, delivered an inaugural address on "How Should the Church deal with the Young on Week Days." At the general meeting resolutions were passed in favour of the abolition of all religious disability in connection with Parliamentary representation and of Local Option, Sunday Closing, and all other measures tending to remove the public and legalised sources of drunkenness and vice. A motion expressing a hope that legal protection would be accorded to the Salvation Army was objected to on the ground that the organisation was "unscriptural, and as great a tyranny as existed under the sun;" and after an animated debate the whole question was referred to a Committee.

THE LIVINGSTONE INLAND MISSION, an organisation established four years ago for evangelising by industrial mission-stations and self-supporting missionaries the Upper Congo Valley, Central Africa, and which already has twelve missionaries in the country and a chain of stations extending 220 miles up the river, is about to send out fourteen other missionaries. On Monday Lord Shaftesbury presided at a farewell meeting held at Kensington Town Hall, at which all the new missionaries spoke, and some interesting accounts were given of the progress achieved.

THE SALVATION ARMY continues to attract a great deal of unwholesome attention. The new meeting-place in Oxford Street is still the rendezvous for a crowd of roughs, extra police to the number of 200, besides detectives, being necessary to prevent riots in the streets, although in the hall order is strictly maintained. At various places in the provinces the Army is also a source of trouble; disturbances more or less serious are reported from Oldham, Leamington, Weston-super-Mare, and Dumfries; and at Crediton two lady-"officers" and six male "privates" have been sent to prison for a week in default of paying fines imposed for creating an obstruction by holding a service in the street; whilst at Chester a number of roughs have been committed for trial for brutally assaulting members of the Army; the Mayor, Sir T. Frost, declaring that his decision would be in no way affected by a letter which he had received from the "Secret Brotherhood of Chester," threatening the lives of himself and brother magistrates if they found any of the prisoners guilty.

Mrs. SARAH BERNHARDT was on Tuesday married at St. Andrew's Church, Wells Street, Oxford Street, to M. Damala, a wealthy Greek gentleman, who, according to the *Paris Figaro*, has recently joined her troupe. The marriage was by special licence, and the bride and bridegroom went to church in hansom cabs, and were attended only by one lady and one gentleman, who with the verger were the sole witnesses. The contracting parties only arrived from Naples on the previous day, and almost directly after the ceremony started again for the Continent. Mr. Greenwood, the assistant curate of St. Andrew's, officiated, and Mr. Gibbs, one of the curates, in answer to a remark on the marriage law, said that "in its present scandalous condition a clergyman was bound to celebrate marriage on a licence being presented by any couple who would reply *pro forma* to the few questions required to be put."



ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Mr. Gye has issued his prospectus for the season—to begin on Tuesday, the 18th inst., with what opera, or with what singers, has yet to be announced. This document is accompanied by another, of which, being printed for "private circulation," we are not called upon to discuss the merits. Enough that the Royal Italian Opera is henceforth to be a Company (limited); that Her Majesty's Theatre will be absorbed in the scheme; that Mr. Ernest Gye, as managing director of the Company, will superintend all performances of Italian Opera in London and the country, while Mr. Mapleson undertakes a similar responsibility in New York and throughout the United States. Thus we have, once more, a coalition of the two Italian Opera companies, which, in 1869, when the late Mr. Frederick Gye, who went into a sort of temporary partnership with Mr. Mapleson, is said to have realised a profit of 22,000*l.* in a season extending little over three months. Be that as it may, it seems that the short duumvirate has leapt into life again, though under somewhat different conditions. Italian Opera in London is to be exclusively held at Covent Garden, while Mr. Mapleson's exertions in that direction are to be confined to the United States. Whether the two companies are ever intended to be worked together in London, New York, or elsewhere, remains at present a matter for speculation, not to be set at rest until the Royal Italian Company (Limited) is virtually established. Meanwhile Mr. Gye's arrangements for the forthcoming season, are just such as if no fusion of the two interests had ever been contemplated. Mr. Gye is absolutely his own master; and, it must be admitted, has made out a programme which, if not studded with novelties, offers many genuine attractions. A brief reference to its contents will suffice to prove this. To begin with the singers. Not only Mesdames Patti, Sembrich, Fürsch-Madier, Valleria, and Albani figure among the leading sopranos, but (welcome addition) that old favourite with our English public, Madame Pauline Lucca, enough in herself to give lustre to the season, even with less dazzling surroundings. The contraltos are headed by Madame Trebelli, who, with Mdle. Amelie Stahl, highly esteemed as an operatic vocalist in Germany, will share the characters belonging for years past to Madame Scalchi (for the present, at least, a seceder). From the tenors we miss the exuberant Spianardi, Señor Gayarre, in lieu of whom we are promised Signor Lestellier, of excellent report; with these being associated Signor Nicolini, Signor Masini, the tenor after Verdi's own heart, the tenor of *Aida* and the *Requiem* for Manzoni, "Signor" Mierzwinski, the Polish Duprez (of the "ut de poitrine"), Signor Frapolli, recognised at Her Majesty's Theatre as one not merely acceptable on account of his vocal talent, about which there can hardly be two opinions, but also because of his versatility and general usefulness. Among the barytones we have the perennial Signor Cotogni, M. Bouhy, well known and regarded in Paris and Brussels, and Signor Pandolfini—not quite a stranger among us. In this category of

barytones one name will be missed with general regret—that of M. Lassalle. If the list of basses (or rather barytone-basses) only comprised M. Gailhard and Signor de Reské (the last especially), it would inspire confidence, now that such basses as the elder Lablache and Herr Formes are no longer obtainable; but happily these are associated with several others of tried capability. In fine, the troop of vocalists is a strong one. About the new comers we prefer speaking in accordance with their merits, as they from time to time appear. The only absolute novelty announced is an opera, entitled *Velleda*, by a composer entitled "Lenepeu," about whom, knowing nothing, we can say nothing. As Madame Adelina Patti, however, is to assume the principal part in *Velleda*, it must doubtless have something special to recommend it. Boito's *Mefistofele*, with Madame Albani as Marguerite and Helen of Troy (perhaps, too, Signor Pandolfini as Mefistofele); Bizet's *Carmen*, with Pauline Lucca as the wild and petulant Gipsy; *Il Flauto Magico*, after "a new Italian version," which it is to be hoped may in no way interfere with the Orphean music of Mozart, recognised by Wagner himself as "greatest of absolute musicians"—with Madame Sembrich as "The Queen of Night" and the *Africaine* of Meyerbeer, with Pauline Lucca in her original part of Selika, Madame Albani in that of Inez, Signor Pandolfini as Nelusko, and the new tenor, Signor Lestellier, as Vasco di Gama, are also unconditionally promised. Added to these "if time should permit, towards the end of the season," M. Massenet's last opera, *Herodiade*, will be produced. Should time not permit, the loss of Mr. Gye's patrons is one upon which they will hardly be justified in claiming over-much commiseration. Nevertheless, if all the promises are fulfilled, a brilliant season for the Royal Italian Opera may be expected. This, moreover, in spite of the formidable opposition of the Wagnerian cyclis (organised by Mr. Mapleson, Mr. Gye's accepted colleague) at Her Majesty's Theatre, where the English public is to make acquaintance with the gods and goddesses of Valhalla; the giants, Fasolt and Fafner, who construct that impregnable fortress (impregnable to all but fire); and quarrel over the promised guerdon; the numerous and interesting progeny of "All-Father Wotan," ancestral trunk of the Volsungs, including the Walkyries (Brynhilde and her eight sisters); Siegfried, the man of will and physical force, who knows not fear, and takes to wife his ninth grand aunt, after her long sleep amid burning bushes; Alberic and Mime, the dwarfish Niblungs; and finally, the heroes and heroines of the *Nibelungen-Lied*—the "Ring," in fact, the whole "Ring," and nothing but the "Ring" (three times over). Italian opera is not dead; however, of likely to die for a long period—not indeed until the public ear has lost its faculty of appreciating a song "tune"—or, in less familiar parlance, rhythmical melody, with beginning, middle, and end. The orchestra and chorus at the Royal Italian Opera will be, for the most part, the same as we have been accustomed to expect, Mr. Carrodus being first violin, Mr. Josiah Pittman organist, Signor Beignani and M. Dupont, joint conductors.

WAIFS.—The experts appointed to examine German theatres, with a view to the safety of audiences in case of fire, give favourable accounts of the Wagner "Stage Play House" at Bayreuth. This will doubtless increase the desire of the "many-headed" from all parts of the world to witness the representations of *Parsifal* in August.—Gounod's *Tribut de Zamora* has not only been a failure at Italian Turin, which just now may, in a certain degree, be ascribed to political sentiment, but at French Lyons, where no such prejudicial adverse criticism could have any reasonable footing, and where the last opera of so eminent a French composer is likely to be judged more or less favourably, according to its absolute merits.—About the last popular concerts, the 42nd and 43rd, at both of which Madame Schumann and Herr Joachim appeared, and the performance of Sir Michael Costa's *Elis*, by the Sacred Harmonic Society, we shall have a few words to say next week.

BLUES v. BLUES

As are Derby-days, so are Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race-days very similar in their general aspects to one another. But though "like to like," they are still "like in difference," and each one has more or less a distinctive feature, and something in connection with it whereby it will be specially remembered. The feature, or rather features of last Saturday's boat-race were the unusually long odds laid on the favourite at starting, and the almost unprecedented hollowness of the favourite's victory. And to these another feature may be added, namely, the unprecedented light-weight of one of the strokes, Higgins, of the Oxford crew, who scaled only 9st. 6½lb., the lightest man who has ever rowed the most important oar in either boat since the first inter-University race, more than half a century ago. And yet once more, the anniversary of 1882 will be remembered for one of the finest and most enjoyable days on which the race was ever rowed, and for the largest attendance ever seen on the banks of our Metropolitan river—a fact which emphatically proved that opinions promulgated in several quarters to the effect that general interest in the boat-race was on the wane, had no substantial foundation.

During the time that the "Trial Eights" were in practice on the Isis and Cam, and after they had rowed their respective races, a very general impression got abroad that Cambridge had the better material from which to form her Putney crew, and, up to the time of the selected eights taking up a few days' residence on what we may call mid-Thames, the Light Blues were decidedly the favourites. But when criticism was brought to bear on the performances of the rivals on the Cookham and Marlow waters, opinion soon veered round, and the Dark Blues were the most fancied. This opinion strengthened immediately they appeared on the London waters, and Oxford was soon backed at 2 to 1, then at 3, then at 4, and at the start no less than 5 to 1 on them were the market odds. The general impression was that both crews were below the average; and perhaps on no previous occasion was waterside criticism more unanimous as to which was the worse of the two. Indeed, hardly a single member of that small and pertinacious band of "know-alls," which in everything prides itself on its superior knowledge and judgment, could be found to suggest, even with a nod or wink, that Cambridge was "in it." The only doubt seemed to be whether the light Oxford stroke would really be able to last well through the race and keep his crew together if the elements proved unfavourable. For this doubt, however, it may be added, there was no reasonable ground, as he had shown himself all through the practice a thoroughly reliable man, and his crew had got well accustomed to his stroke. Indeed, the Oxford men had been tutored into fair form, and though exception might be taken to some of their work, especially in the "feathering" department, they had acquired a good amount of uniformity which, in these days of sliding seats, keelless boats, and scientific rowing, is of such vast importance. It was in this uniformity that the Cambridge crew was sadly deficient, and they had from the first shown much "raggedness"; and though physically they were a very fine and strong set of men, they did not use their strength to the best advantage. Moreover, through some strange error of judgment, they were evidently "underboarded," as hinted by the Chairman at the dinner of the crews and their friends on the evening of the race, and admitted by the Cambridge President. Added to all this the Oxford crew had done a thorough and reliable trial over the course in twenty-one seconds less than their opponents, which means many boats' lengths. Hence the very decided favouritism of Oxford, which the result more than justified.

As regards the race itself little need be said, as it was as uneventful an one as ever rowed. Cambridge got a little the best of the start, but soon lost it, and gradually but surely the Oxford crew, rowing well within itself, forged ahead, and soon turned the race into what is known in aquatic parlance as a "procession." The Light Blues made a very poor show, and ragged rowing was the rule rather than the exception, while more than one member of the crew was practically done for by the time Hammersmith Bridge was reached. An occasional spurt made matters rather worse than better, and Oxford, rowing in better form than even their best friends expected, passed under Barnes Railway Bridge from eight to ten lengths ahead, which lead in our opinion they kept to the finish, though officially, we believe, the victory is given as by only seven lengths. Reports vary as to the number of seconds by which Oxford won, but if we take 20 seconds, it exactly corresponds with the time superiority credited to Oxford in the time trial on the Tuesday before the race. The Oxford time over the course is given as 20 min. 12 sec., which is the best on record since 1873, when both crews first used sliding seats, and Cambridge won in 19 min. 35 sec. It must not, however, be deduced from this that the Oxford crew of Saturday last was a specially fast crew, as tide and wind have a great deal to do with "times." As matters now stand, out of the thirty-nine Inter-University races, Oxford has won twenty-one and Cambridge seventeen, the (so-called) dead heat of 1877 making up the total number of contests of Blues v. Blues.



I.

THE brief convincing *resumé* of the dangers of "The Proposed Channel Tunnel" and the accompanying "Protest" from representative men of every shade of politics which head the *Nineteenth Century* for April stand in small need of any advocacy. The remaining contents are bright and varied.—Dr. Siemens defends with no little skill his bold hypothesis ("A New Theory of the Sun") that solar energy is maintained somewhat on the principle of the heat recuperator in the regenerative furnace, by "an inflowing stream of dissociated vapours" from interplanetary space—these vapours being perpetually drawn towards the sun by its rotatory action, and rendered back into space as "products of combustion," to be again "dissociated by radiant solar energy."—Under the title, "Oiling the Waves: a Safeguard against Tempests," Miss Gordon Cumming records strange instances of vessels saved from breaking seas by simply pouring a little oil upon the waters. The expedient was known to fishermen in the days of Pliny, though no systematic attempt was made to bring it into general use until the experiments of Mr. Shields, at Peterhead, of which we gave some illustrations in our last week's number. The small amount of oil required is by no means the least curious feature in these instances. Two bags, containing about two gallons each, maintained a belt of smooth water round a ship for forty-eight hours of an Atlantic gale.—The Rev. Dr. Nevins' "Notable Secession from the Vatican," defends the now famous Count Enrico di Campello from the aspersions cast upon him by his former co-religionists—inquiry of the Roman police having seemingly convinced the writer that the conversion of the ex-Canon of St. Peter's to Protestantism was in no way motivated by fear of deprivation for immortality; and Baron d'Estournelles contributes, in "Superstitions of Modern Greece," a delightful study of a domain of folk-lore where legends older than the days of Hesiod still linger on, though somewhat travestied, by the side of darker importations from the North; where the Moiræ and the Lamæ are still real personages to the credulous; and the Nereid may still be met by the coast or on the hill, though the once gentle Nymph is now an evil spirit more dangerous and malignant than even the Strigla or the Vampire.

In the *Fortnightly* Mr. Law's able paper, "Present Condition of Russia," brings out clearly the twofold dangers of a peasantry sunk in abject poverty and slowly permeated with new ideas, and a restless half-educated middle-class unable to satisfy the longing for a career. The danger is greatest in Southern Russia, where a population less hardy and self-reliant, and less prepared for freedom by circumstances than in the North, has found emancipation by no means an unmixed gain, and where the revolutionary propaganda has been longest at work. Nihilist outrages and anti-Jewish *jacqueries* are, indeed, as yet the work of a small section of the people. But the seed of evil has been widely sown, and the old reverence for authority very generally shaken, and most of all in those very factors of the population which should have been a support in the perilous passage from comparative barbarism to civilisation.—Mr. Alfred Aylward's "Africa and the Empire" is simply an argument for dissociating the two. Leave Africa, he tells us, save only Cape Town and Durban, to the Afrikaner. He will trade with you all the same, and will keep the country for himself against all intruders. He will even prove in the long run the truest civiliser of the natives. Perhaps Mr. Aylward is right so far that we must make South Africa more of an English colony, or retire from it. But is the former alternative an impossibility in these days of assisted emigration?—An able criticism by the editor of Professor Bain's "Life of James Mill," and a sketch—rather biographical than critical—of "Emile Zola," by A. Lang, are other papers well worthy of perusal.

The *Contemporary* for April is a little heavy. "Egypt and Constitutional Law," by an English Resident, makes light of the Nationalist and Pan-Islamite movements, to which some have attached so much importance. On the other hand, it believes there is real danger that the army may force the Chamber to tamper with the Budget, or even prepare the way for a new despotism. And either of these events would be a disaster for which no show of constitutionalism could compensate.—Lady Verney has concluded her "Autumn Jottings in France," and found all things barren from Calais to Geneva. And no doubt there is reason in what she says of the grinding poverty of small French proprietors, the overcrowding and misery in the towns, the uneasiness caused by constant changes in the Government, the spread of irreligion among the masses, even the uselessness of the toys in the shop windows. But, after all, there is a reverse side to the medal of which we might have had an occasional glance, and over which some travellers have grown extatic. Lady Verney's spectacles, we fear, were of a kind which transmit only disagreeable colours.—Mr. Bear, in his "True Principle of Tenant Right," contends, against the Duke of Argyll, that the letting of land should be like the borrowing of money. Hirer or borrower, as he takes all the risk and bears any loss, should in the same way reap any profit.—Mr. Tuke argues strongly for assisted "Emigration from Ireland" to relieve congestion where the smaller holdings are quite inadequate to maintain a family. And why should not new settlements be provided for them in advance (as has, indeed, been already done on a small scale in Minnesota and Iowa), to which they might remove at once beyond the reach of the temptations of the great seaboard cities?

Quite the best paper in a fair *Cornhill* is a wonderfully realistic sketch, "Twenty-four Hours with a Neapolitan Street Boy." How "Peppiniello" spends his day, now playing his little trade in cigar ends, now boldly begging, or even thieving at a pinch, and at nightfall gathering cigar ends once more, until he retires to the grotto lodging which he and his sisters share with twenty others, and for which he pays eight lire every month, is a bit of real life from Southern Italy most excellent even in a magazine which makes

Italian sketches one of its specialities.—"Rambles Among Books: The State Trials," a not unwelcome digression from higher paths of criticism to scenes associated with the "Newgate Calendar," is decidedly amusing, and would be more so were not the later scenes a little hackneyed.—And "The World's End" is a pleasant gossip on various scares which have disturbed mankind, from the first and greatest scare of 1,000 A.D. to that for which "R. A. P." himself must, we fear, be held partially responsible.

An exceptionally well-informed review of Mr. Grove's "Dictionary of Music," and a neatly-written account ("A Statesman's Love-Letters") of the strange passion of the quinquagenarian Benjamin Constant for the accomplished Madame Récamier, quite relieve *Temple Bar* for April from the reproach of being wholly given over to fiction.—In *The Gentleman's Ouida*, in her "Future of Vivisection," predicts that science will soon crave human beings to experiment upon. There is no argument which the vivisector uses "which will not apply in as complete an entirety to human as to animal subjects."—Karl Blind contributes an attractive paper upon "New Finds"—chiefly fish and water-legends—in "Shetlandic and Welsh Folk-lore;" and Mr. Justin H. M'Carthy, a sober *résumé* of the Egyptian Question, in which, however, the writer does not lay down any very decided line of policy.—To *Belgravia* Mr. F. Boyle contributes a fair Indian story, "A Special Service;" Bret Harte concludes his amusing novelette; and Mrs. Macquoid's "About Yorkshire" takes us over the romantic ruins of Jervaux and Fountains.

MR. FROUDE'S "LIFE OF CARLYLE" *

AT last Mr. Froude's long-promised volumes are before the world. Despite the extraordinary, the unique fact, that within a year of his death some seven or eight biographies of Carlyle were published—some of them important and bulky works—it may be taken for granted that the public interest in the great writer has been not only not blunted, but has been considerably whetted by these anticipatory "Lives." It has been felt that Mr. Froude was to say the last word; and every one has been waiting to hear him speak. It may at once be said that nothing will be found in these volumes to soothe the wounded feelings of those who shrieked so loudly over the "Reminiscences." Mr. Froude is not the man to be turned from his purpose by the shrill clamour of offended propriety. He abates nothing; he softens nothing. He might, he says, by suppressing certain passages and modifying others in the letters of Carlyle, have painted a character as perfect, and as insipid, as that of one of the saints in the Roman Catholic Calendar. But had he done so he would have sacrificed truth; the character delineated would have been not Carlyle, but a feeble reflection of him; and this, Mr. Froude thinks, would have been hateful to the man who had entrusted him with his reputation. We frankly confess that we agree with Mr. Froude. The world will know all about its great men; and, if we have the story from a sympathetic as well as an honest narrator, we can in reason ask no more.

The first of these volumes deals with the first thirty-two years of Carlyle's life. So rich has been the material upon which Mr. Froude has been able to draw (several hundred letters are here printed for the first time) that he has been able to treat with delightful freshness facts already known. The strong-willed members of that Ecclefechan household whose names, thanks to the genius of its eldest son, will probably survive as long as English literature, stand again vividly before us. Edward Irving, strong, valiant, free, not dreaming yet of the "hoo-ings and ha-ings" of the speakers with tongues, stands forth as the third member of the extraordinary trio of which Carlyle and Jane Welsh formed the other two. Concerning Jane Welsh Carlyle there is necessarily almost as much said by Mr. Froude as of Carlyle himself. Entralling is the interest of the courtship passing from: "Your friend I will be, your truest, most devoted friend, while I breathe the breath of life. But your wife, never," to "I know not how your spirit has gained such a mastery over mine, in spite of my pride and stubbornness. But so it is. Though self-willed as a mule with others, I am tractable and submissive towards you," and ending with:—"I married for ambition. Carlyle has exceeded all that my wildest hopes ever imagined of him—and I am miserable." Here only do we differ from Mr. Froude; but on this point our disagreement is emphatic. That exclamation passed her lips in a moment of natural weakness. To imagine, as Mr. Froude does, that it was her final utterance is to do her wrong; it is to blight the moral beauty of her character; to attribute to her the creed of which her life was the acted contradiction; the creed, namely, that duty is subordinate to happiness, that "the stern handmaiden of the voice of God" may be sacrificed to the fleeting satisfaction of commonplace felicity.

The first volume, then, brings the record down to Carlyle's marriage, and the end of his residence at Comely Bank; the second takes him from Edinburgh to Craigenputtock, thence to London, back to Craigenputtock, and finally to London again as a permanent residence. The interest of the first volume centres round Carlyle's courtship and marriage; that of the second round the maturing of his intellect. It leaves him still struggling with poverty; but it leaves him, too, writing "The French Revolution."

And what is the final impression of Carlyle's character as we turn the last leaf? The same that we obtain from the "Reminiscences." The impression of a giant intellect born in a time that for him was out of joint, feeling early that he was born to set it right, and feeling to desperation the cursed spite of the task. Of one who followed his destiny with unrelenting purpose, who walked on the mountain-tops of human endeavour, and looked down with too little compassion and too much contempt on those unable to climb with him into the heavens.

And people will judge Carlyle, as shown us in these monumental pages of Mr. Froude, according to their opinions of his work. Those who regard it without sympathy—and they are many—will see in him only a half-deluded, very angry, and ill-mannered man; those who now share with him the convictions he first planted in them—and in England and America they are not a few—will not hesitate to place him in the scale of men side by side with an Isaiah and a Dante.



THE TURF.—The good old rule of having no racing during the week before Easter is still broken by Nottingham, which thus maintains its unenviable notoriety.—The death of Mr. Durham Dunlop is much regretted by a very large body of sportsmen both on the Turf and in the coursing world. Of late years he has been best known as the owner of that sterling good cross-country horse Bacchus, and from his connection with Kempton Park.—The scratching of Iroquois, and, indeed, of all the American horses except Mistake, for the City and Suburban has caused an advance of most of the favourites in the market quotations, Scobell now being quoted at 6 to 1, Ishmael at 8 to 1, and Master Waller at 11 to 1. Peter, the wily, a little time back seemed like "coming," but he has gone.

* "Thomas Carlyle: A History of the First Forty Years of his Life, 1795-1835." By James Anthony Froude, M.A. In two volumes (Longmans, Green, and Co.)



GENERAL MICHAEL SKOBELEFF
(The Hero of Geok Tepe)



GENERAL DEMETRIUS SKOBELEFF
(Father of General Michael Skobelev)

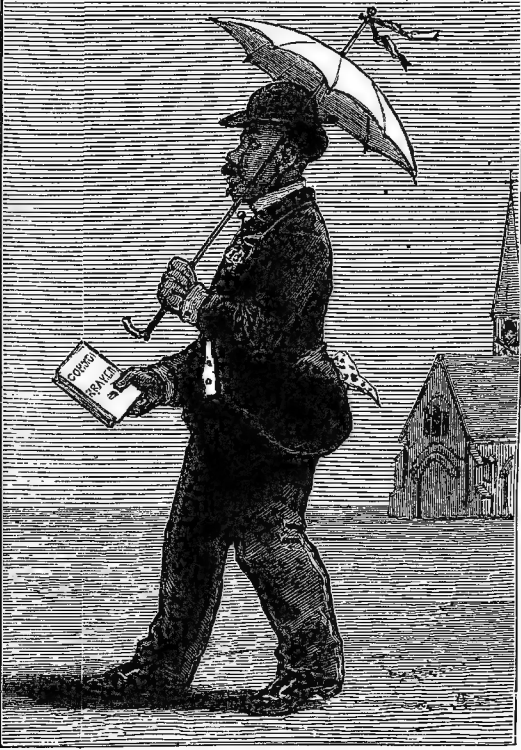
THE PANSLAVONIC MOVEMENT—THE ELDER AND THE YOUNGER SKOBELEFF



THE KANAKA AT HOME



JUST LANDED

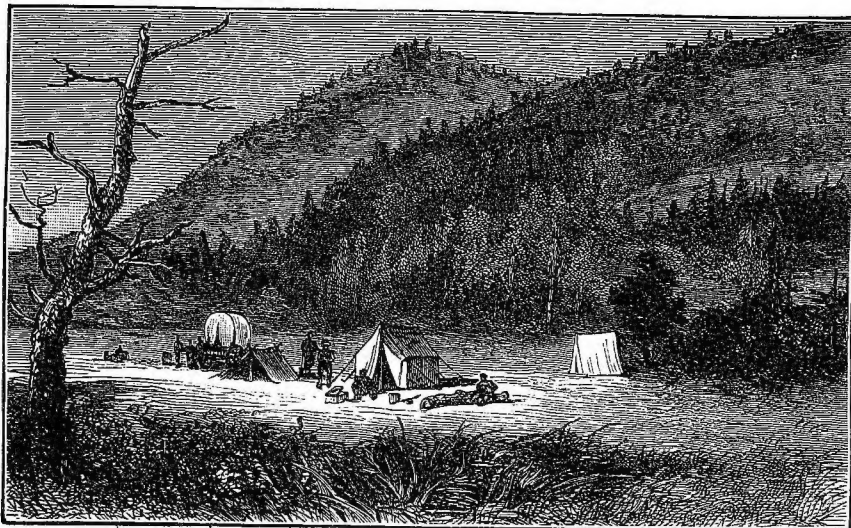


THREE YEARS AFTER

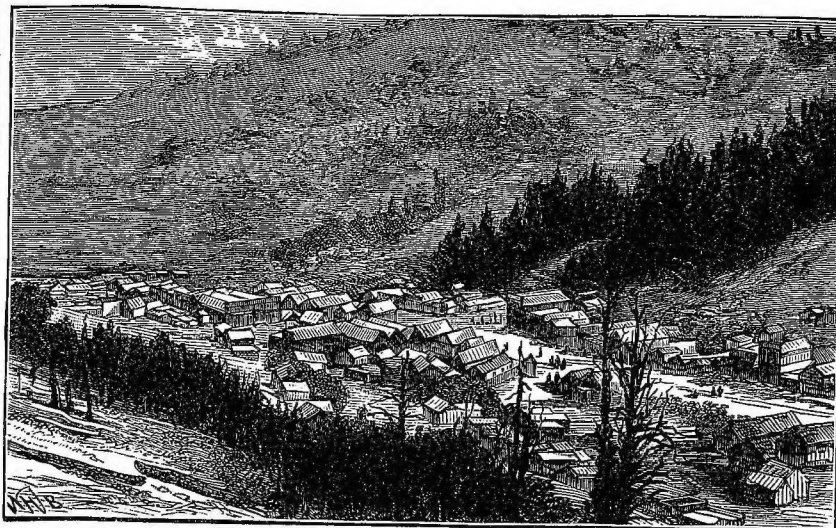


"CUTTING OUT" A FAT BEAST

NOTES IN QUEENSLAND



BONANZA, SAGNACHE COUNTY, COLORADO, JULY 16, 1880



PART OF THE CITY OF BONANZA IN 1881

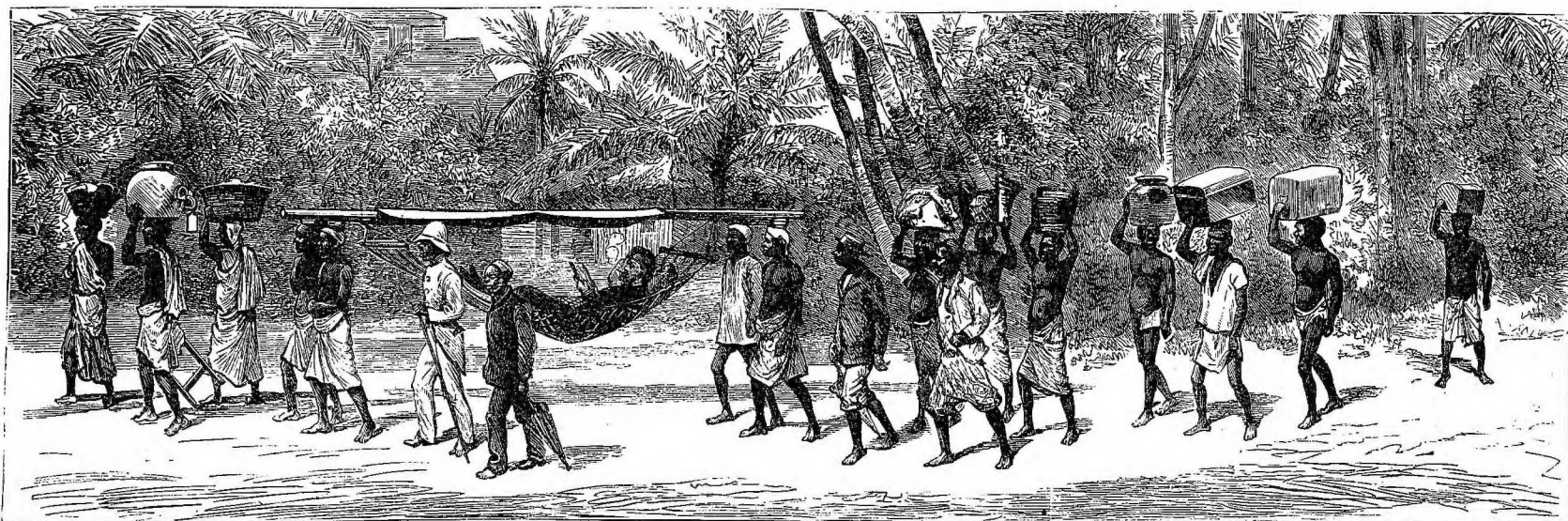
RAPID GROWTH OF A CITY IN WESTERN AMERICA



ANCIENT IRON MASK-HELMET FOUND IN THE DANUBE AT SEMENDRIA, SERVIA



THE PRINCESS TAPASVINI, A NEPAULESE RELIGIOUS ASCETIC



WESTERN AFRICA—TRAVELLING ON THE GOLD COAST

again, the report being that he has shown symptoms of lameness. Incendiary and Whitechapel continue to find friends, and Mistake is nibbled at from time to time. It should not be forgotten that in the earlier part of last season this animal showed pretty fair form; and though he got no nearer than fifth or sixth in the Lincoln Handicap, he is now again evidently on the improving line, and many things are more improbable than that he will make a bold bid for victory at Epsom.—Dutch Oven, who seemed hopelessly broken down in health a few weeks ago, has made a very rapid recovery, and again resumed her position as first favourite for the Two Thousand, and at the same time finds strong support for the Derby.

COURSING.—With the Last Trial Stakes, of eighty-four dogs of all ages, won by Mr. H. T. Pitt's Professional, the Plumpton season, and, it may be said, the coursing season generally, closed. The Sussex meetings, notwithstanding the semi-artificial arrangements, have been very successful, and the past season will long be remembered as one of the most open on record.

AQUATICS.—Some remarks on the recent Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race will be found in another column; and, strangely enough, in more than one marked feature the great sculling match on the Tyne, on Monday last, much resembled the eight-oared contest on the Thames. Like Oxford, Hanlan was a very strong favourite, and, like Oxford, very easily beat his antagonist, the race in both cases becoming a mere "procession" very soon after the start; while neither Thames-side nor Tyne-side had witnessed larger assemblies at the respective contests. Hanlan really won as he liked, though the actual winning record was but four lengths. Boyd made a little show during the earlier part of the race, but afterwards fell to pieces; and when we look at the history of his past performances, though a fairly good sculler at one time, we utterly fail to see what pretensions he had to row Hanlan for the World's Championship. On the evening of the race an offer was made to back Trickett against Boyd, but it seems that Boyd had already determined not to row again. As to Trickett's match with Hanlan, it is difficult to understand that the Australian sculler can really have any chance with him. Certainly the immediate prospects of our own native scullers coming to the front do not seem very cheery, though it is satisfactory to find that the Chinnery prizes have set a considerable number of young men to work, as if they meant business.

FOOTBALL.—A very interesting game was played at the Oval on the afternoon of the Boat Race, between the Old Etonians, the Association Challenge Cup winners of this season, and the Old Carthusians, the winners of last. After a splendid "give and take" struggle, victory rested with the Old Carthusians by one goal to nothing, who thus in a certain sense reversed the verdict given against them in their match with their opponents in the Challenge Cup Contest of this season.—For the Scottish Association Challenge Cup in the final tie, Queen's Park, Glasgow, has beaten Dumbarton, and thus secured the trophy for the sixth time since the institution of the contest in 1874.

LACROSSE.—At the same time that the football match above mentioned was being played at the Oval on Saturday last for the benefit of various London Charities, another contest for the same excellent object was waged between two Lacrosse teams representing London and South Manchester, which resulted in the latter winning by three goals to one.

ATHLETICS.—The Inter-University Sports, at Lillie Bridge, drew together a large and fashionable assemblage, but the performances of the Dark and Light Blue athletes were hardly up to the highest standard. The "odd" event went to Cambridge. Thus it comes to pass that since the commencement of the sports each University has scored exactly the same number of "wins" as regards the individual events.—It appears that Rowell is not satisfied with his defeat by Hazael in the recent Long-Distance Competition at New York, and challenges him and "all comers" to another contest at the Agricultural Hall.



THE SEASON.—The winds of the last fortnight have scattered a good deal of the blossom of the fruit trees. At Hammersmith on Saturday last we noticed a pear-tree in a sheltered position, and this tree was white with an enormous load of white blossoms. The hopes of gardeners, however, are not high; with respect to the fields matters continue to wear a satisfactory aspect. The drill and the hand-dibble have been well employed, and if the threshing-machine is not so busy as earlier in the year, the attention of the farmer is fully taken up in other ways. As regards the soil and the land, the promise of the season renders it especially needful that manure should not be spared, as there is more vegetation than usual to support. Something may also be done by a judicious use of the harrow. The crust may be broken, and the action of the air as a solvent increased by this means; while in special cases, where the land is too loose, the roller may be applied. Barley, oats, and peas are coming up fast, and wheat continues of good promise and strong growth on all the better soils. It has yellowed on the ill-drained lands. When farmers have grown rye for green food they have been rewarded by an excellent growth.

RIPON AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—This body have decided to hold their annual Show on the 10th of June, when cattle, sheep, pigs, horses, dogs, poultry, pigeons, butter, and eggs, will all be shown, and when prizes will be given in each of these classes of live-stock and agricultural produce.

THE SUSSEX AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION met at Brighton the other day, and there was an influential attendance. The Rev. John Goring, J.P., presided. Professor Jamieson's report was presented. It was very voluminous. The experiments made by the Professor were then discussed, after which a vote of thanks was accorded to him. The report is of great value, and no farmer of Sussex should neglect to procure a copy.

TRACTION ENGINES ON COUNTRY HIGHWAYS.—The subject of claims by highway authorities against owners of traction engine under the Highway Act of 1878 was discussed at a large agricultural meeting recently held at Canterbury. After considerable debate resolutions were adopted to the effect that the present law require amendment, more especially in limiting the liability of engine owner under the clause in question; and that the time had come when highways should be made to bear the weight of traction engine traffic, the cost of maintaining them in such a condition to be apportioned over the whole community.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF WILD FLOWERS from the country hedgerows and woods near London and other great towns suggest the need of a Wild Flowers' Preservation Act, almost on the lines of that for the protection of wild birds. Primroses are uprooted by hundreds of thousands, even bluebells and anemones do not escape. Devonshire is being robbed of its ferns, and in those parts of the Home counties especially accessible to the metropolitan cowslips have been almost extirpated. Town wants are so large that they should be supplied from nurseries, and the beauty of woodland wild flowers so quickly vanishes after they are gathered, that they really ought to be spared.

SHEEP.—Flocks are now generally healthy. The lambing season has been decidedly favourable, not only for the horned Dorset and forward Down ewes, but also for Hampshire Downs. Sheep and lambs have done as well on the hill farms as in the valleys. The fall of lambs has been larger than usual, while the mortality has been below the average. The early lambs have met with a good market, and the early Down lambs are generally in fine condition. The prices prevailing do not show signs of a fall, although the season has been so auspicious. Thus farmers this spring should be making "a good thing" out of their flocks.

NORWICH.—The threatened encroachments on the Cathedral precincts have been happily defeated. The promoters of the Lynn and Fakenham Railway have been compelled to abandon that part of their scheme to which we called attention a few weeks ago. Mr. Stanhope and other members of the Legislature are to be thanked for this, but above all thanks are due to Dean Goulburn, who not only made an eloquent protest, but went to the expense of circulating a statement of the matter, and of sending an amateur "whip" to members of the House of Commons likely to oppose Vandalic acts.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Ali Bey, the Turkish Minister of Agriculture, has been visiting England, and has bought a large number of ploughs, cultivators, and other implements.—During March farmers' deliveries of wheat and imports, taken together, more than balanced the estimated total breadstuffs' requirements of the month.—There are now on passage to the United Kingdom three million quarters of foreign wheat and flour.—Of Indian corn there is some scarcity just now, and comparatively high prices prevail.—The prospects of agriculture on the Continent are mostly satisfactory, and the autumn-sown wheat promises well.



B. WILLIAMS.—"The Child and the Flowers," written and composed by Mary Mark Lemon and Odoardo Barri, is an elegant and very taking ballad of medium compass, suited for the drawing-room.—Very common-place, considering that E. Oxenford has written the words and A. D. Davivier composed the music, is "My Lassie at Home," a nautical song, published in C and D.—L. Williams is one of our most reliable composers of pianoforte pieces for the school-room. "Abend Gebet" (Evening Prayer) is smoothly written, with a due amount of melodious difficulties to be overcome.—Of a more sprightly character, as its name would denote, is "Carnival des Satyrs," a showy and somewhat difficult piece; whilst for a good military band "The Sergeant Trumpeter's March" would be admired, in spite of its weakness as a musical composition, for the time is well marked; but, as a pianoforte piece, it is by far inferior to the three above named.—Stronger and very superior is "The Sergeant Drummer's March," by Michael Watson; played on a military band, with a good staff of drummers, it would win such favour as to make the pianoforte eagerly inquired for.

MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—No. 9 of "Pianoforte Albums," published by this firm, contains fifteen well-known marches by popular composers, ancient and modern, amongst which may be mentioned, Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," Beethoven's "Funeral March" and "Egmont," Handel's "Scipio," Mozart's March from *Die Zauberflöte*, Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, and other, if less known and not so grand, really good works.—E. Silas has not been at all happy with his "Bourrée," No. III., which is grammatical, but very dull, and wanting in originality.

MESSRS. GODDARD AND CO.—No. I of "The Gounod Album" contains six songs by this popular composer, including, his favourite *berceuse*, "Quand Tu chantes Bercée le Soir," and the merry little song, "Où Voulez Vous Aller."—No. I of Lindsay Sloper's "Progressive Series of the Best Pianoforte Works" augurs well for the future; it comprises three pieces by Renaud de Vilbac, namely, "Melody," "Romance," and "Rondo Valse," all easily but not feebly arranged.

MISCELLANEOUS.—"March for the Organ," by W. A. Blakeley, is a fairly good composition, worthy of an occasional hearing in the concert room (Messrs. Weekes and Co.).—"White Wings Waltz" is a very amateurish composition by Louise Campbell, who will probably do better some day (Messrs. Enoch and Sons).



CONTEMPT OF COURT.—Mr. Owen, a gentleman who was lately arrested and sent to Holloway Gaol for flatly refusing to give evidence relating to a bill-breaking case in which he had been concerned, last week applied to be released on the ground that he had broken his knee-cap, and required hospital treatment. The Court of Appeal, however, declined to accede to the request, Lord Justice Brett emphatically observing that those who defy the law must suffer for their insolence, and will find in the long run that the law is too strong for them.

THE CHARGES AGAINST THE MARQUIS OF HUNTLY, alleging that he had obtained money by false statement, as to his estates being unencumbered, have now been withdrawn by permission of Sir J. Ingham, who, however, said that the case must be reported to the Director of Public Prosecutions.

STREET NOISES of an unavoidable character are numerous and distressing enough in all conscience, and there seems no reason why to them should be added the deafening and hideous bray of the obsolete post-horn. A sudden blast from one of these instruments the other day caused a cab-horse in Holborn to turn restive, the result being that the vehicle was overturned, and the driver falling on his head was killed. The verdict was one of accidental death, but we should hope that the report of the case would put an end to the use of the dreadful and dangerous instrument.

THE THREE-CARD TRICK was successfully played in a Metropolitan Railway carriage on the day of the Boat Race, at the expense of a "young gentleman from Australia," who subsequently complained to the police. The clever practitioners were arrested and taken before Alderman Hadley, who dismissed the charge, saying that it did not appear to him that fraud had been committed, as the complainant was a willing party to the transaction, and was ready to take money of the accused as they were to get his.

PRIZE FIGHTING.—The nine men concerned in the recent "glove fight" at St. Andrew's Hall, Tavistock Place, were again before the magistrate on Monday, and were all again remanded, with the exception of Lewis, who having been simply employed at the turnstile, was discharged.—On Sunday afternoon, a large number of roughs assembled on a piece of waste ground in Farringdon Road, the high paling of which screens it from passers-by, to witness a prize fight. Two constables interfered, but were thrown about among the crowd "like pieces of cork." They, however,

succeeded in capturing one man, who was alleged to be a ring-leader, and who has been remanded on bail.

MISSING GIRLS.—The latest mysterious disappearance is that of Miss Laura Sydney Herbert, aged twelve, the daughter of a bank manager at Dublin, who left her home on Saturday last, and is said to have been traced to one of the Holyhead steamers.

ALLEGED FENIAN PLOTS.—The rumour that another attempt is to be made to destroy the Manchester Town Hall has created a good deal of excitement there, and extra police are on duty night and day.—At Oldham, a pistol loaded and capped has been found in a bale of cotton from Massachusetts.

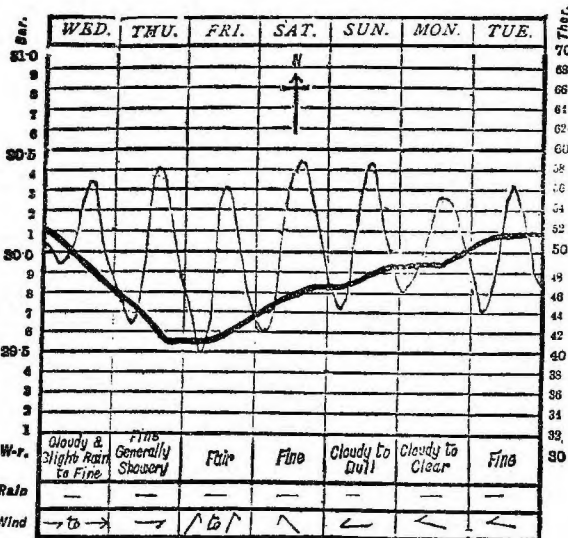
THE ATTEMPTED FRAUDS ON NOBLEMEN.—Charles Howard, who must have been either a great bungler or very unlucky, as none of his dishonest schemes seem to have yielded him any profit, has been sentenced to twelve months' hard labour for his abortive attempts at swindling.

THE CONVICT LAMSON, who it appears is a naturalised American citizen, has been respited for a fortnight in consequence of the intervention of the United States Government. The Home Secretary, however, has been careful to state that the prisoner has been distinctly warned that the respite raises no presumption of a final reprieve or commutation of sentence. The new evidence now on its way across the Atlantic is said to prove that insanity was common in Lamson's family, and that his own tendency in that direction was aggravated by his inordinate use of morphia as a subcutaneous injection. It is noteworthy, however, that nothing of all this was hinted at before his conviction.

A MODERN SCHOOL OF TAPESTRY FOR ENGLAND.—Some little time ago we published a few illustrations of the Royal Tapestry Works at "Old Windsor." For those works the country is indebted to the energy and foresight of the Royal Family. The war of 1870, and the sudden outburst of revolutionary passion that followed, gave an effectual check to many of the artistic industries of France. M. Brignolas, with a whole colony of tapestry weavers, was obliged to flee his country on the subjugation of the Commune. He and his followers came to London, where they shortly attracted the attention of the Duke of Albany, who saw at once how valuable they might be made to England. By his energy and tact the Royal Tapestry Works were inaugurated, with the support of the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and a few noblemen and gentlemen interested in Art matters. After a while, though not without some preliminary financial struggles, the looms got fairly started, and they have recently turned out some exceptionally interesting work. Vanderbilt, the New York millionaire, has ordered several panels whilst many wealthy folk in England have patronised the factory. But perhaps the most interesting specimens are those which have been worked from drawings by Mr. Bone (who has had the benefit of advice from Sir F. Leighton and Mr. Millais), after sketches by Mr. C. J. Kennard, to whom they belong. These panels, eight in number, illustrate Mr. Tennyson's "Idylls of the King;" and not only are they noteworthy for very able draughtsmanship, harmonious colour, and, withal, true decorative restraint, but they also possess a variety and delicacy of tone, tint, and light and shade, that seem to mark a new departure in the art. Nor is this all; for they are remarkable for a depth and impressiveness of emotional expression that hitherto have been associated with painting and sculpture only. It may be urged that this is not the function of true decorative art, but the objection, somehow or another, falls to the ground when one stands before these woven pictures. We are informed that no less than three thousand various shades of wool are used in the looms, and nothing is more pleasantly astonishing than the marvellous skill and feeling with which all manner of tender tints are blended, and subtle half-tones and reflected lights rendered with combined ideality and truth. The chief interest of the scheme, however, lies in the fact that English lads are being taught the secrets of this delightful art, and the floral borders of Mr. Kennard's panels have been executed by them. By and by it is hoped that English weavers will be at work on tapestries that shall command universal admiration, and there is no reason to suppose that, with judicious management and true artistic guidance, such will not presently be the case. Meanwhile, this scheme deserves encouragement, and it would not be a bad idea if the owners of some of the beautiful productions of the works at Windsor would consent to lend them for public exhibition. They need only to be seen to be appreciated.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

FROM MARCH 29 TO APRIL 4 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—At the commencement of this period the barometer was high over France, while depressions were passing in an easterly direction to the northward of the Scotch coasts, and the winds were therefore south-westerly or westerly in most places, and rather strong in force. In London slight rain fell during Wednesday (29th ult.), and in some localities heavy showers were experienced, with the passage of a small depression, which travelled across the south of England on Thursday evening (30th ult.). On Friday (31st ult.), however, a change began to take place. The barometer rose over Scotland, while it fell steadily to the southward of us, and the westerly winds slowly fell light, and finally gave place to an easterly current, which has continued ever since. Small depressions have once or twice advanced towards our south-western coasts, and occasioned some cloud, but, with these unimportant exceptions, the weather has been undisturbed, and fine clear skies have prevailed throughout. The easterly wind has, of course, prevented the sun's rays from being felt to the extent they would otherwise have been, and temperature has on no occasion risen above 59°. The barometer was highest (30.10 inches) on Wednesday morning (29th ult.); lowest (29.55 inches) on Thursday 30th ult.; range, 0.55 inches. Temperature was highest (50°) on Saturday and Sunday (31st and 1st inst.); lowest (40°) on Friday (31st ult.); range, 10°. No measurable quantity of rain has fallen.

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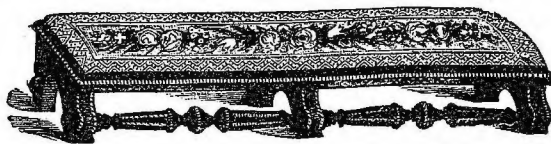
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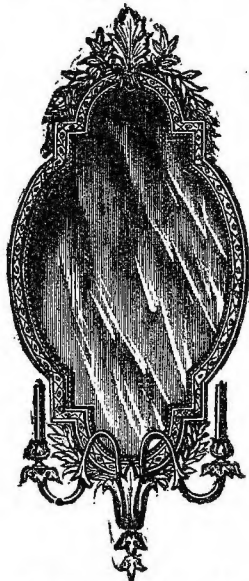
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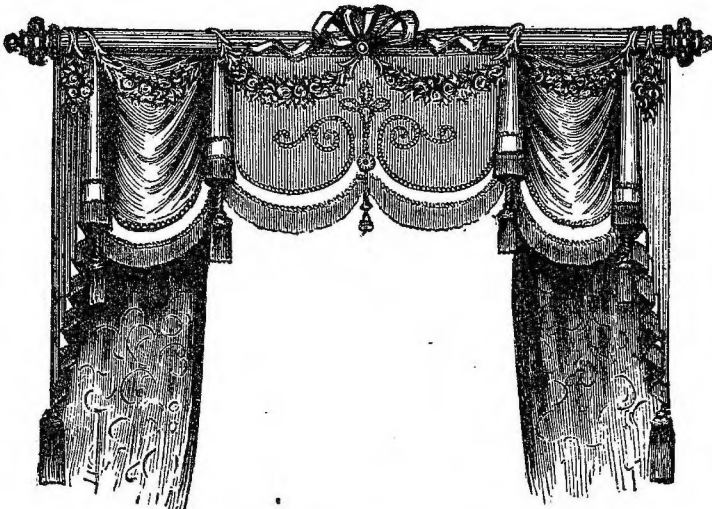
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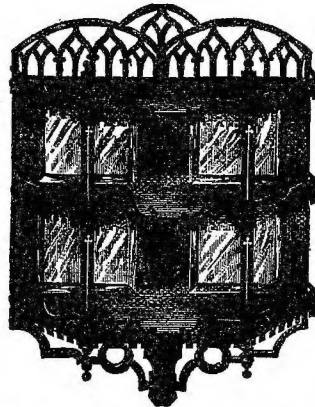
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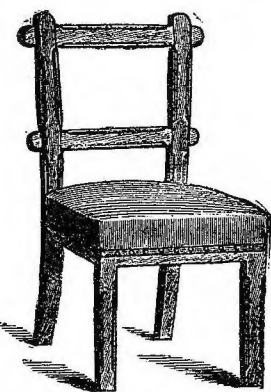
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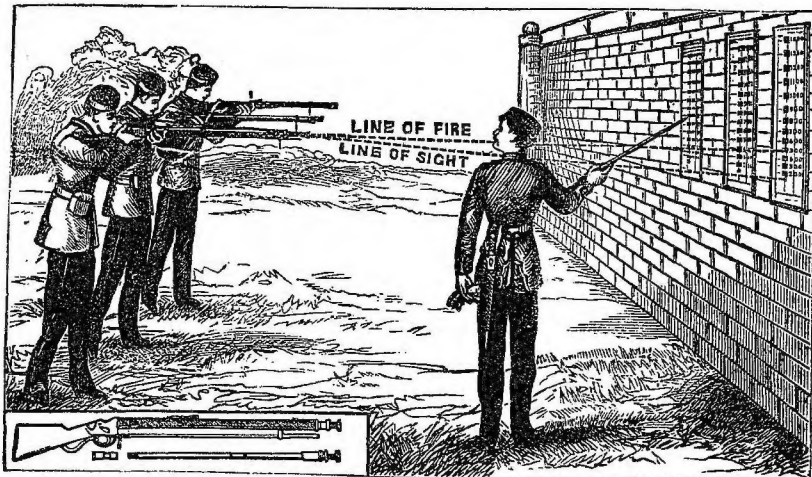
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